GIVE THANKS AND SING

COMPILED, EDITED AND COPYRIGHTED, 1909 BY

JAS. N. CLEMMER

THE STATE GAZETTE PUBLISHING CO.
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TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

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.. and ..

Sing

For Use In ALL RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

COMPILED AND EDITED
BY

JAMES N. CLEMMER

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Preface.

To select the soul-stirring hymns, full of melody-hymns that congregations will sing with heartiness, has been the aim of the compiler of "GIVE THANKS AND SING," in the hope that this collection of sacred words and melodies may fulfill its mission in the perpetuation of songs dear to many souls, and

"That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again."

The book was compiled to meet the needs of Sabbath Schools; it will supply that specific purpose; but, in addition, it will fill the needs of Prayer and Revival Meetings, and all other religious services.

Special attention for the use of Choirs, see Nos. 1, 2, 6, 40, 56, 59, 71, 81, 93, 96, 97, 106.

Those underscored are especially fine for the use of Choirs.

For the use of Prayer and Revival Meetings, and other religious services, would suggest Nos. 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 16, 22, 26, 36, 39, 55, 57, 63, 72, 76, 77, 80, 83, 86, 89, 92, 99, 100, 102.

For the opening and closing services, 1, 109.

For use at Christmas, Easter and Temperance celebrations, would suggest Nos. 2, 13, 21, 25, 29, 58, 98, 104.

For the use of solos, duets and quartets, would suggest Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6, 13, 19, 23, 25, 28, 30, 33, 47, 56, 57, 59, 61, 62, 66, 69, 73, 75, 79, 81, 87, 96, 97, 101.

For use in the SABBATH SCHOOLS, would suggest from No. **1** to **110**, inclusive.

THE COMPILER AND EDITOR.

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GIVE THANKS

— AND —

SING.

No. 1. GLORY BE TO THEE.

Arr. by JAS. N. CLEMMER.

Allegro maestoso.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Sab - a- oth, Heav'n and earth are full, full of Thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full, are full of Thy glo - ry.

Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Thee, to Thee, O Lord Most High. High. A - men.

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NOTE.—Opening Anthem.

No. 2. GIVE THANKS AND SING.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Faure.

Solo or Unison.

1. Give thanks and sing un- to the Lord our God Sweep, sweep the harp in notes of
2. Give thanks and sing, He made the day and night; Sun - beams of joy that brightly
3. Give thanks and sing; His wondrous deeds re - count; Let lips and lives unceas- ing

p e cres.

sweet de- vo - tion; Tell of His grace, and spread His name a - broad,
spark - le round us; Hopes, like the stars, to shed their gold - en light,
prais - es ren - der; On wings of love our souls shall heav'nward mount

ff

Great are His works in sky and air and o - cean.
Till some glad morn His mer - cy shall have crowned us.
Till on our view shall break the Cit - - y's splen - dor.

cres. *ff* *slargando.*

Chorus.

Praise ye the Lord! Give thanks and sing; Tell of His love to ev - 'ry

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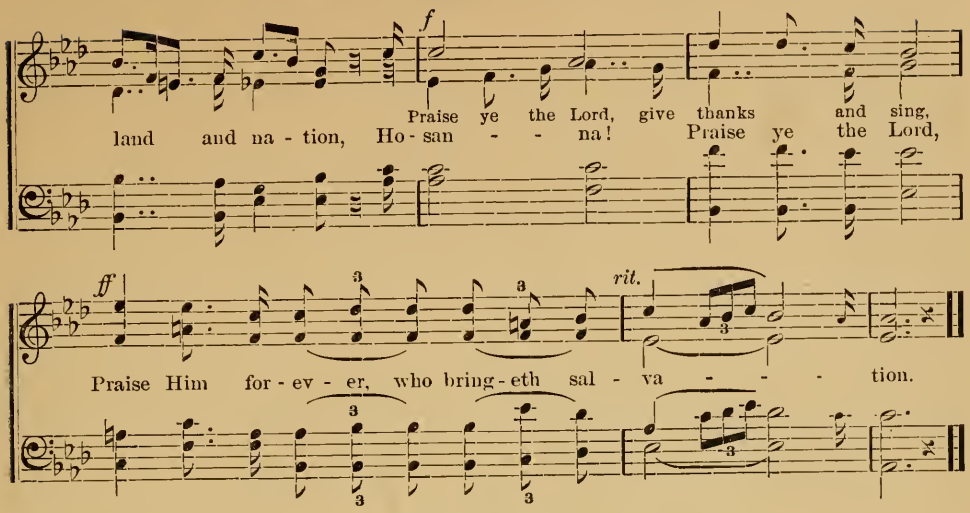
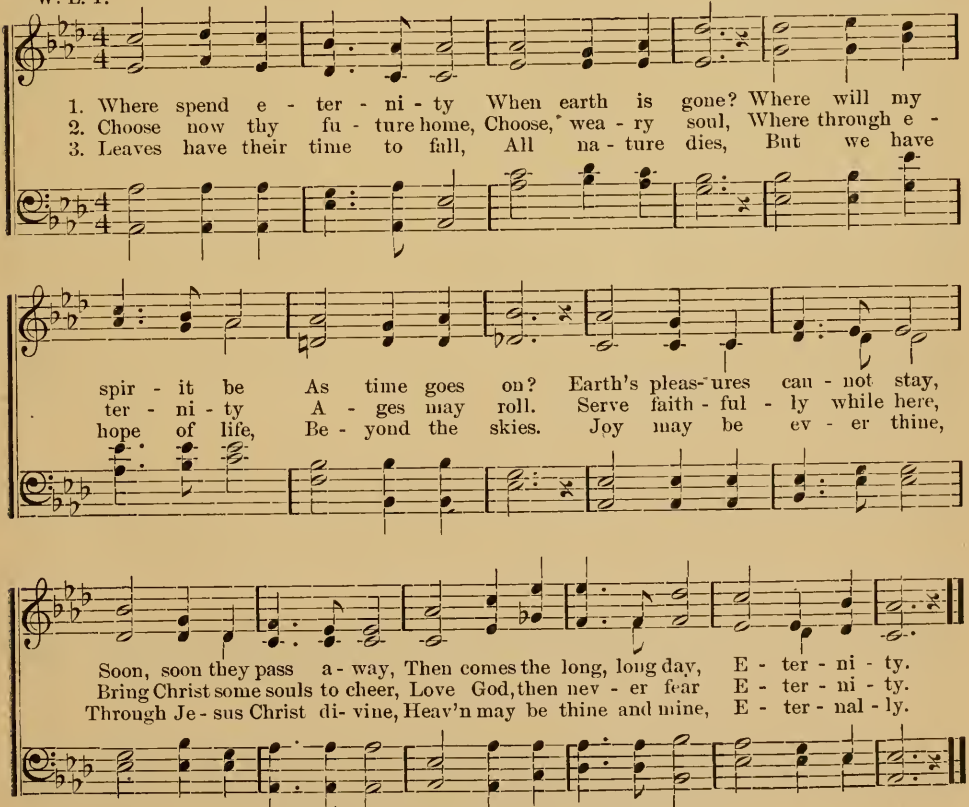
GIVE THANKS AND SING.—Concluded.



No. 3. ETERNITY.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.



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No. 4. SOME OF THESE DAYS.

F. L. S. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET. (SOPRANO AND ALTO.)

1. Some of these days all the skies will be bright-er— Some of these days all the
2. Some of these days, in the des-erts up-spring-ing, Fountains shall flash, while the
3. Some of these days! Let us bear with our sor-row; Faith in the fu-ture—its

bur-dens be light-er; Hearts will be hap-pi-er, souls will be whit-er—
joy-bells are ring-ing, And all the world, with the birds, shall go sing-ing,
light we may bor-row; There will be joy in the gold-en to-mor-row,

CHORUS.

Some of these days, some of these days! Some of these days,..... some of these
Some of these days,

days,..... Skies will be bright-er some of these days;.....
some of these days, some of these days;

rit.

Some of these days all the burdens be light-er, Some of these days, some of these days!

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No. 5. "GIVE ME THY HEART."

E. E. Hewitt. A. F. Bourne.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa - ther a - bove, No gift so pre- cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav - iour of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a -
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir - it di - vine, All that thou hast, to my

Him as our love; Soft - ly He whis - pers, wher - ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is mine to im - part,

Chorus.

"Grate - ful - ly trust Me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur - ren - der, and give me thy heart."
"Give Me thy heart,

p

give Me thy heart," Hear the soft whis- per, wher - ev - er thou art; From this dark

rit.

world, He would draw thee a - part, Speak-ing so ten - der- ly, "give Me thy heart."

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No. 6.

GOD IS MY REFUGE.

FLORA KIRKLAND. Adapted from RUBINSTEIN. I. H. MEREDITH.

Cho. 1. God is my re-fuge my for-tress is He, In Him I find there's safe-ty for me; Fol-low-ing ev-er His pow'r I shall see— He will de-fend my way.

1. Strength for my weakness He gives day by day, Hold-eth my hand lest sad-ly I stray, Safe in His love I for-ev-er will stay— Faith-ful-ly watch and pray, Ev-er His ban-ner a-bove me is bide.

2. He is at all times my help-er di-vine, Round all my way His glo-ry doth shine: Naught can dis-cour-age or make me re-pine While I in Him a-way, He will give glad-ness for sigh-ing and fail, O-ver my soul not a foe can pre-vail— In Him I safe-ly stream-ing— Ev-er His mer-cy all bright-ly is gleam-ing— God is my sor-row— In Him is hope for a joy-ous to-mor-row— He will dis-ref-uge no foe need I fear Since He is my shield, I will be of good cheer. pel all my doubt and my fear— His strength will not fail, He will al-ways be near.

Instrument.

FINE.

FEMALE VOICES.

D.C. for Chorus.

MALE VOICES. *rall.*

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No. 7. NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so pre- cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that "Hav-en of Rest," Shel ter me safe in that "Hav-en of Rest."
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart Grant me the cleans ing Thy blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleans-ing Thy blood doth im- part.
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas-ures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci- fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.

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No. 8. FOREVER HERE MY REST.

Charles Wesley. (AVON. C. M.) Hugh Wilson.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side; This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - iour died."
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour, and my God, Foun- tain for guilt and sin, Sprink-le me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art; Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.

No. 9. MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

bright and glo-rious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus-tre of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.

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No. 10. PUT YOUR TRUST IN JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Put your trust in Je - sus, leave with Him your care, He has sure - ly prom-ised
2. Put your trust in Je - sus in the dark-est night, Just be-yond the shad- ows
3. Put your trust in Je - sus, find-ing peace and joy, Earth can nev - er give you

all your griefs to bear, Tell Him all your tri - als, what - so- e'er they be;
shines a gold - en light; He will not for-sake you though you walk a - lone,
and can ne'er de - stroy; Rest - ing on the prom - ise He so free - ly made,

CHORUS.

Put your trust in Je - sus, till His face you see.
Ev - 'ry hour the Sav - iour car - eth for His own.
In the way He leads you nev - er be a - fraid.

Trust..... Him ev -'ry day, Trust..... Him all the way,
Trust your blessed Saviour, trust Him ful - ly ev - 'ry day, Trust Him, ev - er trust Him, ful - ly trust Him all the way,

He..... will nev - er leave you, Trust your Saviour ev - 'ry day.
He will nev - er leave you, He will nev - er leave you,

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No. 11. OH, WON'T YOU MEET ME THERE.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. This life will soon be end - ed, A few more doubts and fears, Then we will be for
2. There all the walls are jas - per, There all the streets are gold, But of that cit - y's
3. Dear sin- ner, start for glo - ry, Where all is fair and bright, Just bow be- fore the

ev - er Be-yond this vale of tears; My Sav - iour has gone o - ver, A
beau - ty The half has not been told; For you and me, my broth - er, Christ
Sav - iour, He'll save your soul to - night; He'll write your name in heav - en, In

:S: Fine.

mansion to pre - pare, So when we cross the riv - er Oh, won't you meet me there?
once the cross did bear, That we might see its glo - ry. Oh, won't you meet me there?
an- swer to your pray'r, There friends for you are wait-ing, Oh, won't you meet me there?

D.S.—There's room enough in heav - en, Oh, won't you meet me there?

Chorus.

Oh, won't you meet me there? Oh, won't you meet me there. In that e- ter- nal Cit - y
meet me there? meet me there

D.S.

Where all is bright and fair? I'm go- ing home to glo - ry, A crown of life to wear,

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No. 12. HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. G. H. Cook.

1. Walk - ing in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the mount-ains,
2. Shad - ows a- round me, shad - ows a - bove me, Nev - er con- ceal my
3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Press - ing my way to

through the deep vale; Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for - sake Thee,
Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark - ness,
man - sions a - bove; Sing - ing His prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,

Chorus.

Prom - ise di- vine that nev - er can fail.
Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to His side.
Walk - ing in sun - light, sun - light of love.
} Heav - en - ly sun - light,

ff

heav - en - ly sun - light; Flood-ing my soul with glo - ry di - vine: Hal - le -

ff

lu - jah, I am re - joic - ing, Sing- ing His prai - es, Je - sus is mine.

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No. 13. HE DID NOT DIE IN VAIN.

(DUET FOR MEZZO SOP. AND TENOR OR UNISON CHORUS THROUGHOUT.)

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

With expression.

1. My bless-ed Lord was cru - ci- fied, The day was dark, and grief was wide, For hope was
2. He brings His great sal - va- tion nigh, And on His love bids us re - ly; He bought our
3. O, wond'rous news of life and love! That Je - sus lives and reigns a- bove! He made the

rit. . . . . . Chorus.

crushed and all seem'd vain, Un - til that saviour rose a- gain.
peace thro' grief and pain; But oh! He did not die in vain.
path to glo - ry plain; Ah, no! He did not die in vain.
} Ring out the bless- ed news a -

cres.

gain! Oh! bear a-loft the strain; The mighty Lord is ris'n in pow'r, He died, but not in vain!

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Note.—Can be used for Easter.

No. 14. LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

Use as Solo or Duet.

1. Lead me gen - tly home, Father, Lead me gen- tly home, When life's toils are end - ed, And part - ing days have come. Sin no more shall tempt me;
2. Lead me gen - tly home, Father, Lead me gen- tly home, In life's dark-est hours, Fa - ther, When life's troub-les come; Keep my feet from wand-'ring,

rit. p

Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If thou'lt on- ly lead me, Fa- ther, Lead me gently home.
Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up- on the way-side, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly;
Lead me gen - tly home Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gently home.

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No. 15.

IN HIS KEEPING.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H Morris.

1. When the ear - ly morn - ing break - ing, Slum - ber from my eye - lids shak - ing, Come the bless - ed tho't with wak - ing, I am in His keep - ing. Day ad- vanc - es, la - bor bring - ing, Care, her man - tle round me fling - ing, Yet midst all my soul keeps sing - ing, I am in His care.

2. Some - times dark clouds hang o'er me Not one step I see be - fore me; Still my Sav - iour, I a - dore Thee, I am in His keep - ing. I can trust His hand to guide me. 'Neath His wings He'll safe- ly hide me, And no harm can e'er be - tide me, I am in His care.

3. Gen - tle ev - en - tide is near - ing, Light from heav - en dis - ap - pear - ing, Still the bless - ed tho't so cheer - ing, I am in His keep - ing. Now night's cur- tains gath- er round me, Yet its dan - gers have not found me, For His an - gel guards sur - round me, I am in His care.

Chorus.

I am in my Fa - ther's keep - ing, I am in His ten - der care.

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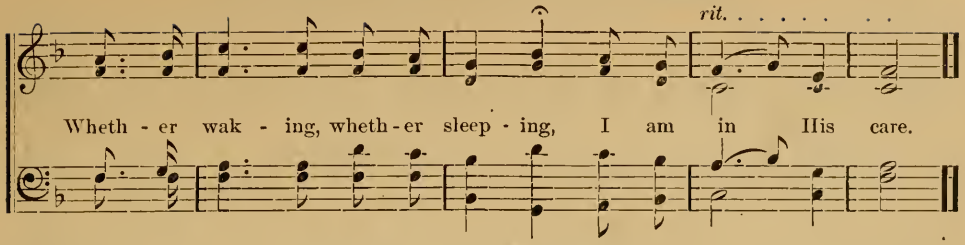
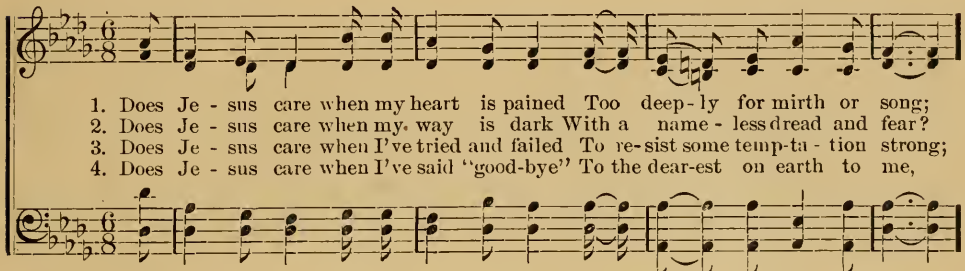
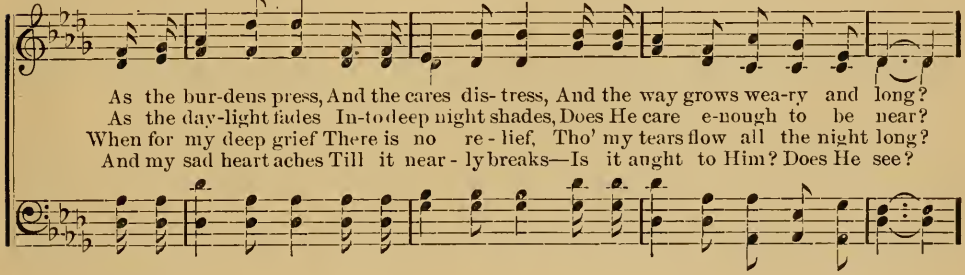
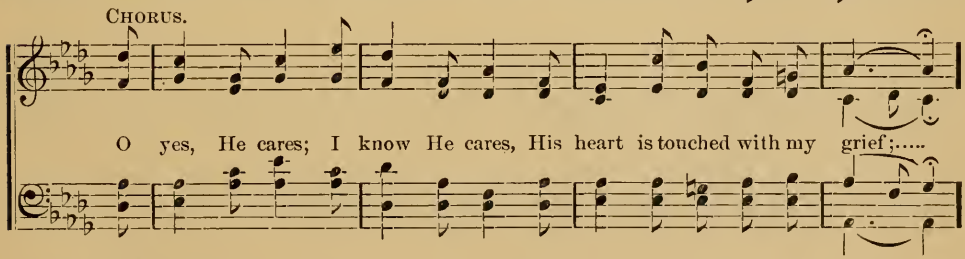


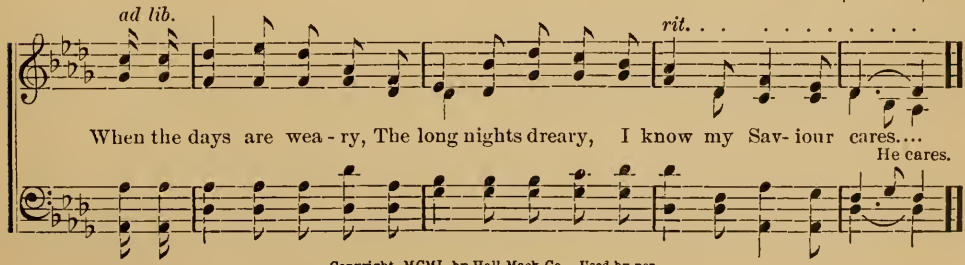
No. 16. DOES JESUS CARE?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.









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No. 17. THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. They shall be com - fort - ed; sor - row- ing heart, Soon ev - 'ry cloud will for - ev - er de- part; Joy, won- drous joy, in that beau - ti - ful day, When God shall wipe ev - 'ry tear-drop a - way, When God shall wipe ev - 'ry tear- drop a - way.

2. They shall be com - fort - ed; Je - sus says so, True and e - ter - nal His pro- mise we know; Gen - tle His smile, and how ten - der His voice, Bid- ding His chil- dren in Him to re- joice, Bid- ding His chil- dren in Him to re - joice.

3. They shall be com - fort - ed; yea, e - ven here, Bless - ed the mourn - er whom Je - sus shall cheer; Sunbeams of glo - ry thro' time's fleeting show'rs, Heav- en a - round us—this Sav- iour is ours! Heav- en a- round us—this Sav- iour is ours!

4. They shall be com - fort - ed; rise, then and shine, Shine in the beau - ty of love so di - vine; Let oth - ers find where the "still wa - ters" flow, They may be com- fort - ed; Je - sus says so, They may be com- fort - ed; Je - sus says so.

Chorus.

mf *p* *mf* *p*

Nev - er a sor-row, nev- er a fear, Nev - er a sha- dow, nev - er a tear:

rit. . . . . . .

They shall be com-fort- ed in that sweet day, When God shall wipe ev'ry teardrop a - way.

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No. 18. CLOSE, CLOSE, TO THEE!

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Close, close to Thee! In childhood's fleet-ing mo - ments; Close to Thy side in youth's bright hours I'll be, Thee will I trust, when sor- row o - ver-whelms me,
2. Close, close to Thee! There e - vil can- not harm me; Close to Thy side O may I ev - er be; Tho' dark the night, the morn-ing still shall find me,
3. Close, close to Thee! Thy hand shall ev - er guide me; Thee will I trust, e'en tho' I can- not see; I am con - tent if Thou wilt be my guard - ian;
4. Close, close to Thee! When shades of ev'-ning gath - er; When thro' the vale no gleam of light I see; When morn - ing breaks in that ce - les - tial cit - y,

CHORUS.

If Thou but keep me, Sav- iour, close, close to Thee.
With faith renewed and strengthen'd, still close to Thee.
I am con - tent, my Sav- iour, close, close to Thee.
O may it find me, Sav- iour, close, close to Thee.

Close, close to Thee, Close, close to

close, close to Thee; O my blessed Sav-iour, keep me close to Thee; Close, close to Thee; Close, close to Thee; close, to Thee;

rit. *p*

Thee, close, close to Thee; O my bless-ed Sav-iour, keep me close, close to Thee.
Close, close to Thee, close, close to Thee, my

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No. 19.

LOOKING BEYOND.

S. C. Kirk. J. Lincoln Hall.

Soprano and Tenor Duet. For Quartet, use Small Notes

1. I'm look- ing be- yond to the cit - y of light Whose gates never close, where there
2. I'm look- ing be- yond to the land of the blest Where earth's weary ones are for
3. I'm look- ing be- yond, o'er the white crys-tal sea, Where loved ones now stand and are
4. I'm look- ing be- yond, where the race has been run; Earth's crosses are lost and a
5. I'm look- ing be- yond to the cit - y where He A mansion in glo - ry is

nev- er is night; Where songs never cease and where praise to the King Is ev - er and
ev - er at rest; I see the great host of the white-rob- ed throng! I hear the glad
wait-ing for me; In mel - o - dy sweet, I can hear them pro- long The strains of the
crown has been won. Al - read- y a host of the con- quer- ing throng Are swell-ing the
keep-ing for me! I'm look- ing be - yond to the day when my soul Shall join in the

Chorus.

f *p*

ev - er the song that they sing!
cho - rus! it ech - oes a - long!
won - der - ful, won - der - ful song!
notes of the vic - to - ry song!
strains that e - ter - nal - ly roll.

I'm look-ing be - yond, to the cit - y of

f

light, Whose gates nev - er close, Where there nev-er is night; I'm look- ing be -

p *pp* *rit.*

yond, o'er the white crys-tal sea; I'm look-ing, I'm look- ing, I'm look-ing be - yond.

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No. 20. IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.

DELOSS EVERETT. WM. CASSELL.

1. I am saved in Christ my Sav- iour, And my sins are all for-given, Now by faith I'm
2. I am saved in Christ my Sav- iour; Tho' the waves about me roll, I am on the
3. I am saved in Christ my Sav- iour! Oh, what joy to me is given! For I'm thinking

trav'ling on- ward To my home in yonder heav'n; Earth-ly cares may oft sur-round me,
Rock of A - ges, And He saves my trusting soul; And I know, if I am faith-ful,
of the man-sion He's prepared for me in heaven; There are ma - ny, ma - ny man-sions

Tri - als come on ev -'ry hand— But my Saviour keeps me safe - ly In the
I shall see Him in that land, For His promise is He'll keep me In the
For them in that hap-py land, Who will have the Saviour keep them In the

CHORUS.

hol-low of His hand. And I know, if I am faith- ful, I shall see..... Him in that

And I know, I shall see

land, For His prom - ise is He'll keep me In the hol- low of His hand.

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No. 21. THE FIGHT IS ON.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out; The cry "To arms!" is
2. The fight is on; a-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing un-to vic-to-ry,
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you,
spans the eas-tern skies; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall hon-ored be,

Chorus. *Unison.*

The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap pear.
And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
} The fight is on, O Christ-ian

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors

Harmony.

streaming, The right and wrong en-gage to-day! The fight is on, but be not

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Note.—Can be used for Temperance.

wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 22. MOMENTS OF BLESSING.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rich are the moments of bless-ing Je-sus my Sav-iour be - stows;
2. Rich are the moments of bless-ing, Love-ly, and hal-lowed, and sweet,
3. Why should I ev - er grow wea- ry? Why should I faint by the way?
4. Though by the mist and the shad-ow Sometimes my sky may be dim,

:S: FINE.

Pure is the well of sal - va - tion Fresh from His mer - cy that flows.
When from my la - bor at noon-tide Calm-ly I rest at His feet.
Has He not prom-ised to give me Strength for the toils of the day?
Rich are the mo-ments of bless-ing Spent in com-muu-ion with Him.

D.S.—Spreading a beau - ti - ful rain-bow O - ver the val - ley of tears.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Ev - er He walk-eth be-side me, Bright - ly His sunshine ap-pears,
Ev - er, yes, ev - er Brightly His sunshine,

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No. 23. ONLY A BEAM OF SUNSHINE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To

heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheered by its wel - come sight.
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
per - ish - ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.

DUET.

On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smiled thro' her fall - ing tears, And
Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mis - sion of joy ful - fil; Re -

rit.

ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis - pered A mes - sage of peace and love.
showed her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten per - haps for years,
mem - ber the Sav - iour's prom - ise, That He will be with you still.

CHORUS.

On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis - pered pray'r

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rit. . . . . . .

O - ver some grief- worn spir - it May rest like a sun - beam fair.

No. 24. SATISFIED.

MINNIE DIETRICH. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Some day, when all my heartaches cease, And I shall rest in per - fect peace;
2. Some day, these wea-ry eyes will close, And I shall sink to sweet re - pose;
3. Some day, when burdens are laid down, And I re- ceive the vic - tor's crown;
4. Some day, when on my list'ning ear, Shall fall the song of heav-'nly cheer;

Where pain and care can- not an - noy, Then sweetest plea-sures I'll en - joy.
Then I shall wake in glad sur - prise, And in my Sav - iour's im - age rise.
I shall be free from ev - 'ry fear, And God will wipe a - way each tear.
When I shall tread the gold- en street. And there my pre- cious loved ones greet.

CHORUS.

rit. . . . .

And I'll be sat - is-fied, Yes, I'll be satisfied, When I shall stand redeemed by grace;.....
redeemed by grace;

rit. . . . . . .

And I'll be sat - is- fied, Yes, I'll be sat - is- fied, When I shall see Him face to face.

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No. 25. O'ERSHADOWED ARE THE SKIES.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Slow.

1. O'ershadowed are the skies, The earth in slumber lies, The gar-den glade is wrapped in gloom;
2. O'ershadowed are the skies, We seek with weeping eyes The place where lies our Saviour slain;
3. O'ershadowed are the skies, No dawn for us shall rise, And light of life for-'eer hath fled;

rit.

We haste with eager feet, We bring our spices sweet, To Him who lies in seal- ed tomb.
And from each sadden'd heart All joys fore'er depart For hope of endless life is vain!
The Lord of light and love, Who came from realms above, The Saviour of the world lies dead.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Seek not the liv - ing with the dead;..... Lo! He is

ris - en, as he said;..... Vain - ly ye bear Him

ff

spi - ces sweet; Haste with re-joic - ing now your Lord to greet!

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NOTE.—Can be used for Easter.

No. 26. I SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel - lent glo - ry, And all my tri - als are passed, I shall be - hold Him, O won - der - ful sto - ry!
2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawn - ing Breaks on the vis - ion so fair, Now we may wel-come the heav - en - ly morn - ing,
3. More and more like Him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Changed by His spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,

Chorus.

I shall be like Him at last.
Now we His im - age may bear.
I shall be sat - is - fied then.

I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, And in His beau - ty shall shine; I shall be like Him, won - drous - ly like Him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.

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No. 27. BUILDING DAY BY DAY.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. HERBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are build- ing in sor- row, and build- ing in joy, A tem - ple the world cannot
2. Ev -'ry deed forms a part in this build - ing of ours, That is done in the name of the
3. Then be watchful and wise, let the tem - ple we rear Be one that no tem- pest can

INST.

see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the
Lord; For the love that we show and the kind-ness we be - stow, He has
shock; For the Mas - ter has said, and He taught us in His word, We must

CHORUS.

a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
prom-ised us a bright re - ward.
build up - on the sol - id rock.

We are build-ing day by day, as the

mo-ments glide a - way, Our tem - ple, which the world may not see;
which the world may not see;

Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place

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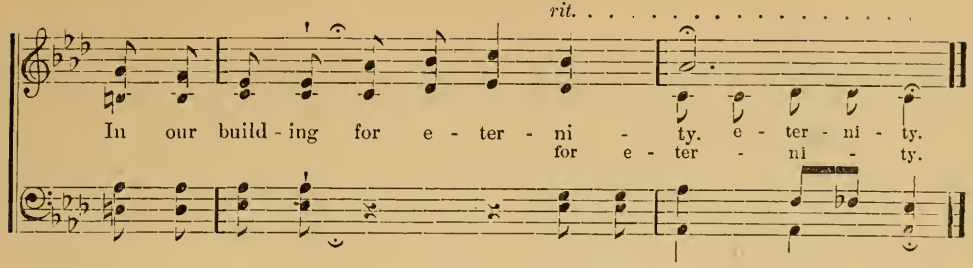
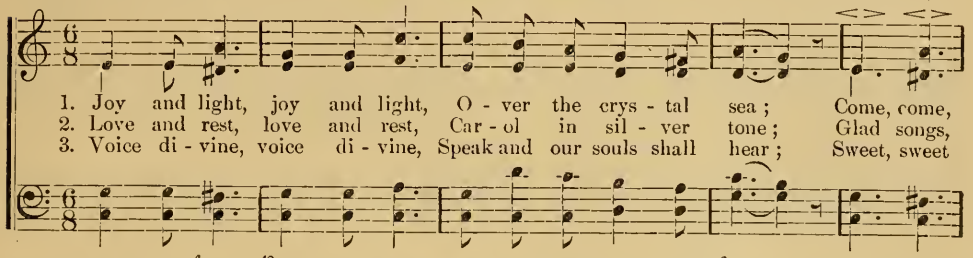
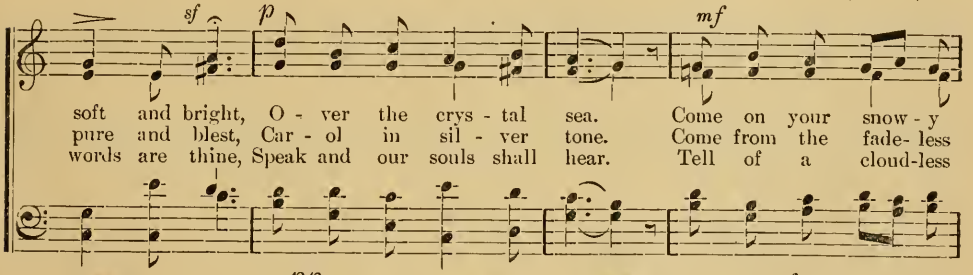
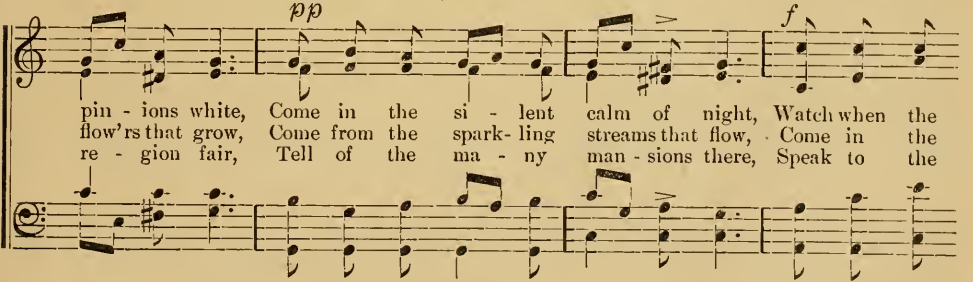


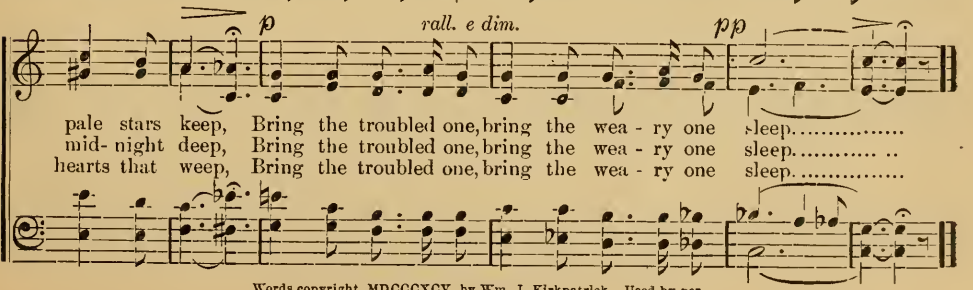
No. 28. JOY AND LIGHT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. BARNBY.









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No. 29. GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (JOHN iii. 16.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Solo ad lib.

1. God loved the world so ten-der-ly His on - ly Son He gave, That all who on His name be-lieve Its wondrous pow'r will save.
2. Oh, love that on - ly God can feel, And on - ly He can show! Its height and depth, its length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!
3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from Him whose words proclaim E - ter - nal life to all.
4. O Sav-iour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to be-lieve That who-so - ev - er comes to Thee Shall end - less life re-ceive.

CHORUS.

For God so loved the world that He gave His on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

rit.

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No. 30. WHEN JESUS LEADS.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. When Je- sus leads,..... the way grows bright,..... E'en tho' be - fore..... 'twas darkest night;..... From Him there beams..... a ra-diance fair,..... A heav'nly light, a light be-yond com - pare.
2. Tho' dark the path..... my feet shall tread,..... And dark the clouds ..... be o - ver head, ... I'll have no fear, ... for at my side..... There walks the Son, my falt'ring steps to guide.
3. I'll fol- low Him..... while life shall last, ... I'll fol- low Him..... till I have passed ..... The gold- en gates..... of that fair shore..... Where I shall rest with Him for - ev - er - more.

rit.

Chorus. *a tempo.*

I'll trust Him though..... I can- not see..... The path thro' which..... He leadeth me;..... My faith in Him..... shall be my stay;..... I am con- tent when Je- sus leads the way.

I'll trust Him though I can-not, cannot see The path thro' which He leadeth, leadeth me; My faith in Him shall be, shall be my stay;

rit.

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No. 31.

SING ON.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, Nor think the moments long; My faith is heav'nward
2. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, While here on earth we stay; Let songs of home and
3. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, The time will not be long; Till in our Fa-ther's

ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune-ful song; Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The
Je - sus Be-guile each fleet-ing day; Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of
king-dom We swell a no-bler song; Where those we love are wait - ing To

glo-rious mount I stand, And look-ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land!
His redeem-ing love; The ev - er-last-ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
greet us on the shore, We'll meet beyond the riv - er, Where sur-ges roll no more.

CHORUS.

Sing on; O bliss-ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise, My heart is fill'd with

rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise. Sing on; O bliss-ful mu - sic,
Sing on; bliss-ful,

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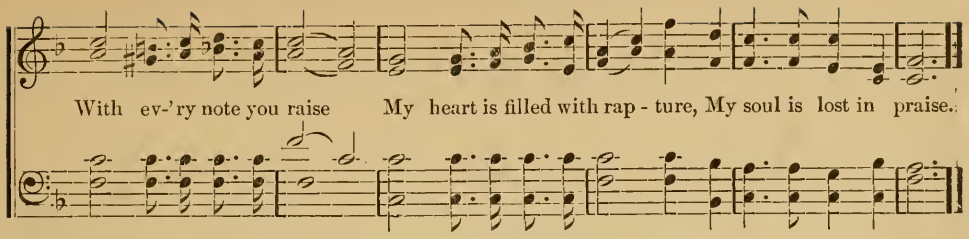
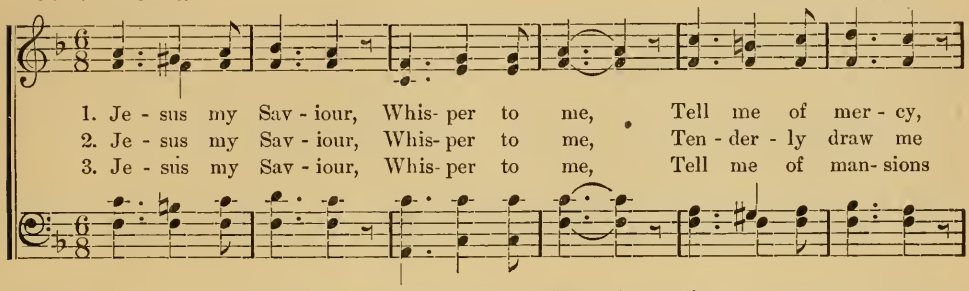
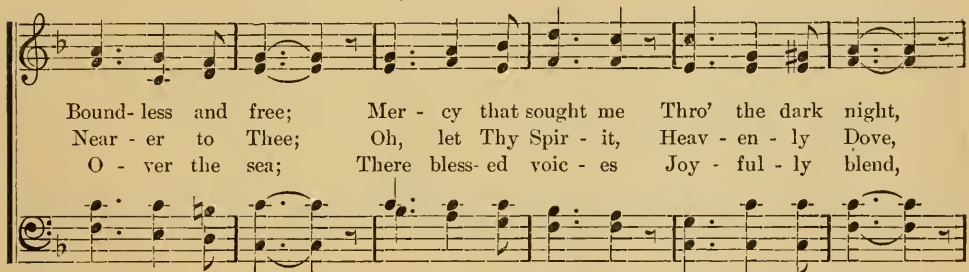
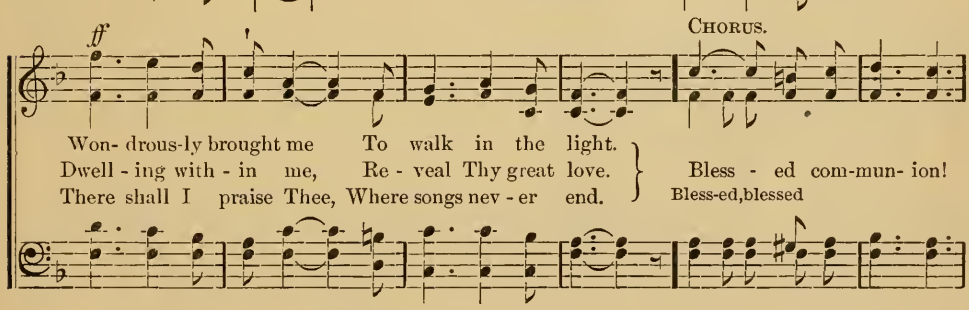


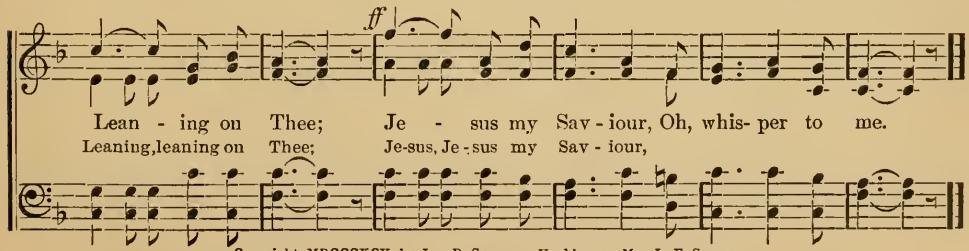
No. 32. WHISPER TO ME.

L. H. EDMUNDS. JAMES N. CLEMMER.









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No. 33. GIVE THE FLOWERS TO THE LIVING.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Give the flow- ers to the liv - ing, Let sweet fragrance fill the air,
2. Give the flow- ers to the liv - ing, Give them hon- or, love and cheer,
3. Give the flow- ers to the liv - ing, Scat- ter blos-soms on life's way,

Bless-ings fol- low with the giv - ing, Pure and sweet as lil - y fair,
Let them see ap - pre - ci - a - tion Of their la-bors while they're here,
You will see the glad thanksgiv - ing, Beam- ing heav'nward day by day.

Give the toil- ers oft a to - ken, Of the love you would bes- tow
Give en-cour- agement and prais - es, To the worth-y ones you meet,
Like the lov- ing Mag- da - le - na, Giv - ing all she could be- stow,

Show - er bless-ings on the liv - ing, If you love them tell them so.
Sweet - est blos-soms for the liv - ing, Strew the path for wea - ry feet.
Show - er bless-ings on the liv - ing, If you love them tell them so.

CHORUS.

Mu- sic, flow- ers, sun - ny hours, For the toil- ers hear be - low.

be - low.

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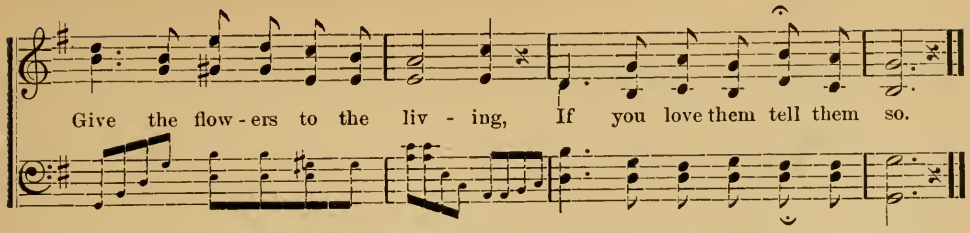
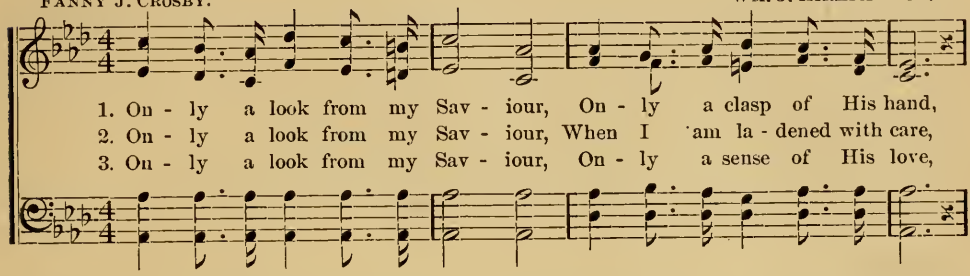
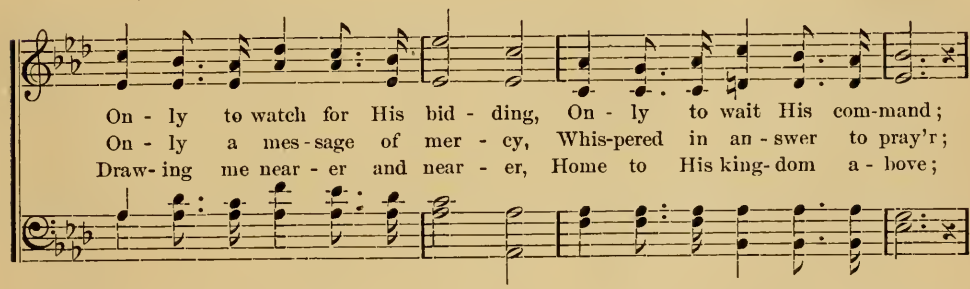
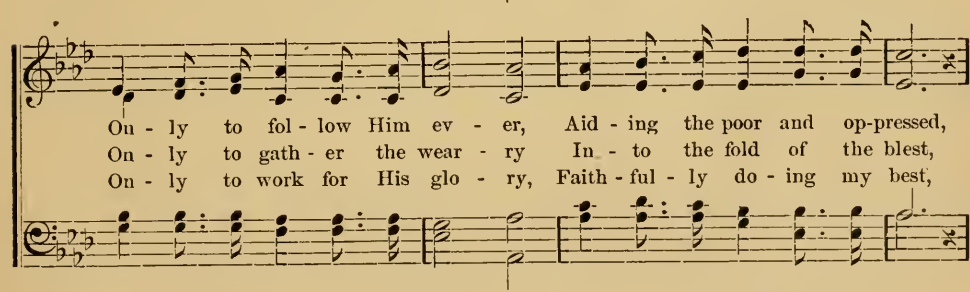


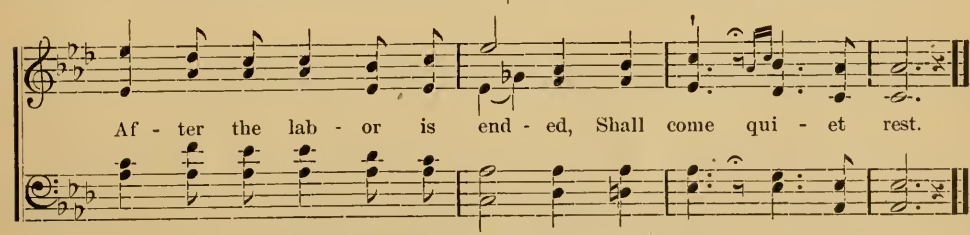
No. 34. REST, QUIET REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.









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No. 35. THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

With animation.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more be - fore we part, Ring out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate- ful heart; The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry;..... The Cru - ci - fied shall whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry shall con - quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate, Through all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi- na's prince-ly state; From In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Through Per - sia's land of bloom,..... To sto - ried Pal - es - In - dia's vales and moun- tains, Through Per - sia's land of bloom, Pal - es - ti - na, And Af - ric's des - ert gloom.
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts and homes and thrones; Ring out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones; The whole wide world for Je - sus! With pray'r the song we'll sing,.... ..... And speed the pray'r with whole wide world for Je - sus! With pray'r the song we'll sing with la - bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.

CHORUS.

This whole wide world For con - quer, ti - na, la - bor, Je - sus! for Je - sus! This whole wide world For Je - sus Christ our Lord.

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NOTE.—Can be used for Missionary.

No. 36. THE SON OF GOD.

REGINALD HEBER. Dr. HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
2. The mar- tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Mas- ter
3. A glo-rious band the chos - en few, On whom the Spir-it came: Twelve valliants saints, their

streams a-far; Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, And
in the sky, And call'd on Him to save: Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In
hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame. They clim'd the diz- zy steep to heav'n Thro'

tri-umph o - ver pain, Who patient bears His cross be-low—He fol-lows in His train.
midst of mor- tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol-lows in His train.
per - il, toil, and pain: O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

No. 37. HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Scotch Melody.

mf Adagio e Legato. *p* *f*

1. { I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Dan-ger and sor - row stand
2. { What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and win - try blast

p

Round me on ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my Father's land, Heav'n is my home.
Soon will be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.

No. 38. ONLY A LITTLE BEYOND.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Con espress.

1. On - ly a lit - tle be - yond! On - ly a lit - tle be - yond!
2. On - ly a lit - tle be - yond! On - ly a lit - tle be - yond!
3. On - ly a lit - tle be - yond! On - ly a lit - tle be - yond!

Where there is nev- er-more sick-ness nor pain, No muf-fled min-or to ju - bi-lant strain,
Oh, how our dear ones have gone from our sight, Stepped from the dawn into ful - ness of light,
Oh, what glad meetings some day there will be, When there to-geth-er our Sav - iour we'll see,

mf *p ritardando.* *rit.*

On - ly a lit - tle be - yond! On - ly a lit - tle be - yond!.....
a lit- tle be-yond!

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No. 39. SUN OF MY SOUL.

J. Keeble. (HURSLEY. L. M.) W. H. Monk.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere through the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with- out Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

No. 40. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Arr. from KOSCHAT.

Note. The melody is in the tenor part.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas-tures, safe
2. Thro' the valley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my guardian, no
3. In the midst of af - flic-tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings unmeasured my

fold - ed I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still wa- ters flow, Restores me when
ev - il I fear; Thy rod shall de- fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be -
cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a- noint-est my head; O what shall I

rall. . . . . . *rit.* . . . . . .

wand'ring, re - deems when oppressed, Restores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed.
fall, with my Com- fort- er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort- er near.
ask of Thy pro - vi-dence more? O what shall I ask of Thy pro - vi-dence more.

No. 41. COME, SAID JESUS.

Mrs. ANNA L. BARBAULD. (HORTON.) X. S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my path your choice;
2. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
3. Hith - ther come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound.

rit. . . .

I will guide you to your home; Wea- ry pil - grim hith - er come.
Ye, by fierc - er an - guish torn, In re - morse for guilt who mourn.
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sac - red, sure.

No. 42. WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

EMILY P. MILLER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you doing for Je - sus As you journey thro' life? Sow-ing the grain for the harv - est, Or scat-ter- ing seeds of strife?
2. What are you doing for Je - sus? Are you striving each day, By lit- tle acts of kind - ness, To bright - en some-one's way?
3. What are you doing for Je - sus As the days go by? Tell-ing the lone and the wea - ry, Of rest be - yond the sky?
4. What are you doing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Hast-en and tell the glad ti - dings, Lest you leave some work un- done.

CHORUS.

What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing, As the days go by?..... What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing, As the days go by?

What are you doing for Jesus your Friend?
What are you do - ing for Je - sus to- day? What are you do - ing for Je - sus your Friend?
days go by? What are you doing for Jesus your Friend? What are you doing for
Je - sus to-day? What are you do-ing for Je- sus your Friend, days go by?

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No. 43. OVER AND OVER.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Allegretto.

1. O - ver and o - ver I stood up-on the shore, O - ver and o - ver
2. O - ver and o - ver I've heard my Saviour's voice, O - ver and o - ver
3. O - ver and o - ver I'll sing this glo-rious song, O - ver and o - ver

I said I wonld doubt no more; But as the sea came roll - ing in,
He said, "Make me your choice; Now face the waves and tread the sea,
Be - fore the gath - 'ring throng; How o'er my heart the sea pre-vailed,

In bound - less waves that cleanse from sin, I doubt-ed their sav - ing pow'r.
Look up in faith and fol - low me;" I answered, "I'll prove their pow'r."
And how His love has nev - er failed, For - ev - er I'll trust His pow'r.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

O - ver and o - ver, Like a might - y sea,.....
O- ver and o - ver, o - ver and o - ver, Like a might - y, mighty sea,

Comes the love of Je - sus Roll - ing o - ver me.....
There comes the love, the love of Je - sus Roll - ing, roll - ing o - ver me.

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No. 44. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When, thro' won-der-ful, grace, by my Sav-iour I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day
3. O what joy it will be, when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

Chorus.

Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea bil-lows roll.
Should there be an-y stars in my crown?
} Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown, When at eve-ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I go-eth down? wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? an-y stars in my crown?

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No. 45. IN THE HUSH OF EARLY MORNING.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In the hush of ear - ly morn-ing, When the breeze is whisp'ring low, There's a voice that
2. When the noontide falls up - on me, With its fer - vid light'ning ray, There's a voice di -
3. As the dew - y shades steal downward O'er the earth at eve-ning mild, There's a voice I

gen-tly calls me, And its ac-cents well I know! Here I am, O Sav-iour, waiting; For Thy
vine-ly earn-est, Bids me work while it is day; O - pen, Saviour, now be- fore me All Thy
love that whispers, "Af-ter la- bor, rest, my child!" O my Saviour, lov- ing, ten-der, Help me

f *rit.*

will a - lone is mine, This is all my crown and glo-ry, I am Thine, and on - ly Thine!
will for me to do, On - ly help me, watching, working, Still to keep my Lord in view!
to ac- count it blest Thus to work with-in Thy vineyard, Till Thou callest me to rest!

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No. 46. ROCK OF AGES.

Augustus M. Toplady. (TOPLADY.) Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
D.C.—All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg- ment-throne;

No. 47. WHEN OUR SHIPS COME SAILING HOME.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When our ships have crossed the o - cean, and been all a - round the world, When they
2. But if there is such re - joic - ing to see ves - sels here get home, When we
3. Oh, me - thinks I hear the an - gels shout, "here comes an earth - ly bark, She has
4. So with Je - sus as our Cap - tain we ex - pect to gain that shore, We ex -

safe - ly gain the ha - ven, and their sails a - gain are furled; We re -
know that in a lit - tle while these ships a - gain will roam; Oh, what
found her way to heav - en, tho' the way was rough and dark; But she
pect to cast our an - chor there, and stay for - ev - er more; And we

joice to see them en - ter, and to know the anchor's cast, Rais - ing joy - ful shouts of
must it be in heav - en when a soul comes sail - ing in, To go out no more for -
had a star to guide her, called the bright and morning star, It has guid - ed mill - ions
know the an - gels will be there to greet us when we come, They will join in songs of

Chorus.

wel - come, for our ships are home at last.
ev - er sail - ing on the sea of sin?
o - ver from that dis - tant land a - far."
rap - ture, "wel - come home, oh, wel - come home."
} Oh, what sing - ing, oh, what

shouting, when our ships come sail - ing home; They have stood the might - y tempests, they have

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crossed the o - cean's foam; They have passed o'er storm - y bil - lows, but they

now have gained the shore, The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the voyage is safe - ly o'er.

rit.

No. 48. REST.

Rev. E. H Stokes, D. D. — Jno. R. Sweney.

With feeling.

1. Touch my spir - it with Thy Spir - it, Lord of All, my Sav - iour: Let me Thy sweet
2. I have found Him, what a treasure !—Found my blessed Sav - iour; This the plea - sure
3. I have found Him: past my weeping, Bless - ed, bless - ed Sav - iour; And my soul to

Chorus.

rest in - her - it, This my high - est fa - vor.
of all plea sures, Rest in my dear Sav - iour.
Thy kind keep - ing, I com - mit, dear Sav - iour.
} Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest

ff

In my bless-ed Sav - iour; Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest in my blessed Sav - iour.

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No. 49. BEHOLD ME STANDING AT THE DOOR!

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

With feeling.

1. Be - hold Me stand-ing at the door, And hear Me plead-ing ev - er - more, With gen - tle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come in? may I come in? Be - hold Me stand - ing at the door, And hear Me plead - ing ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry heart, op- press'd with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee; I wait - ed long and pa- tiently: Say, wea - ry heart, op- press'd with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re - mem - ber all My grief and pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come in? may I come in?

4. I bring thee joy from heav'n a - bove; I bring thee pard- on, peace and love: Say, wea - ry heart, op- press'd with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

CHORUS.

rit.

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No. 50. HOME AT LAST.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Melody by M. LINDSAY. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yon - der strand,
2. Oh, the long and sweet re - un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease,
3. Look be - yond, the skies are clear - ing; See, the mist dis - solves a - way;

Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en, sum - mer land;
Oh, the greet - ing, end - less greet - ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawn - ing Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;

rit.

They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor - dan they have passed,
Where the hop - ing and des- pond - ing Of the wea - ry hearts are past,
Soon the shad - ows will be lift - ed That a - round us now are cast,

tempo. *rit.*

And with mill - ions They are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:
And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, Home at last, home at last:
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er, Home at last, home at last:

rit.

And with mill - ions They are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last.
And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, Home at last, home at last.
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last.

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No. 51. I WILL GO.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of faith to say, Je-sus died for me.
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll try a-gain, Je-sus, help Thou me.
3. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Je-sus' blood will make me whole, Je-sus, died for me.

CHORUS.

Can it be, O can it be

rit.

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

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No. 52. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me O-ver life's tem-pest-uous sea; Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
2. As a moth-er stills her child Thou canst hush the o-cean wild; Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot Thee.

D.C.

D.C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal; Boist-'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still." 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

No. 53. SALVATION'S RIVER.

R. Kelso Carter. S. C. Foster.

1. Down at the cross, on Calvary's mountain, Where mercies flow, I plung'd in the re-
2. When lost in sin, my all I squandered, Far from the fold: My Saviour sought me
3. All round my way the sun is shin-ing, Dark-ness has fled: On Je-sus' breast I

deem-ing fount-ain, Washed whit-er than the snow. When noth-ing in the
where I wandered, Gave me His wealth un-told. All bonds of sin and
am re-clin-ing, Dai-ly by Him I'm fed. My Lord has cast His

whole cre-a-tion Could purchase peace, My Saviour brought His free sal-va-tion,
Sa-tan rend-ing, Christ made me whole: I'll ne'er for-get that joy trans-cend-ing,
robe a-round me, No more I'll roam; The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,

Chorus.

Gave me complete re-lease.
When Je-sus sav'd my soul.
Je-sus has brought me home.
} Broth-ers, wont you hear the sto-ry? See the fount-ain

flow! Oh, glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry! Je-sus saves me, this I know.

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No. 54. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call- ing— Call- ing for you and for me; See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing—
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading— plead-ing for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies—
3. Time is now fleet- ing, the mo-ments are pass-ing— Pass- ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death beds are com - ing—
4. O for the won- der- ful love He has promised— Promised for you and for me; Though we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don—

REFRAIN.

m

Watch- ing for you and for me. Come home,..... come home,.....
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
Par - don for you and for me.

cres. *rit.* *p* *pp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly

rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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No. 55. OH, SUCH WONDERFUL LOVE!

I. N. McH. I. N. McHose.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour did leave His bright home, To res - cue a sin - ner like me; Laid down His scep - ter, and gave up His throne, To shame - ful - ly die on the tree.
2. Pal - a - ces, man - sions, and inns had no room, When Je - sus in in - fan - cy came; Born in a man - ger 'midst sin's deep - est gloom, Was Je - sus the Sav - iour of men.
3. Way - far - ing man of grief, home - less and poor, Came Je - sus my Sav - iour and Lord; Poured out His in - fi - nite love to re - deem, And save us through faith in His word.

CHO

Oh, ... such won - der - ful love, Oh, ... such won - der - ful love; Je - sus my Sav - iour left scep - ter and throne, To suf - fer and die to save me.

Oh, such won - der - ful,

Oh, such won - der - ful,

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No. 56. OH, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.

W. L. T. (DUET AND CHORUS.) WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help - ing the fall - en to rise;
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci - ful, lov - ing and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill - ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
Giv - ing a hand, Bid - ding to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
Lead - ing the way, Bright'ning the day, Help - ing the lame and blind.

Je - sus came lov - ing and cheer - ing, Giv - ing the hun - gry food, ...
Cheer - ing the brok - en heart - ed, Wip - ing a - way their tears, ...
Je - sus came sav - ing the fall - en, Help - ing them sin o'er - come, ...

pp

Help - ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.
Com - fort - ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban - ish - ing doubts and fears.
Res - cu - ing per - ish - ing sin - ners, Bring - ing the way - ward home.

CHORUS.

More, more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;

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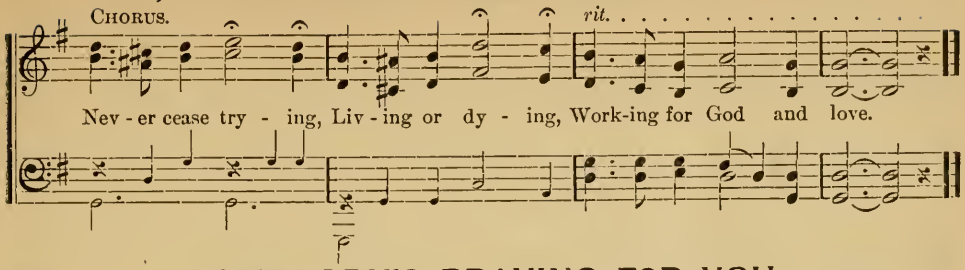
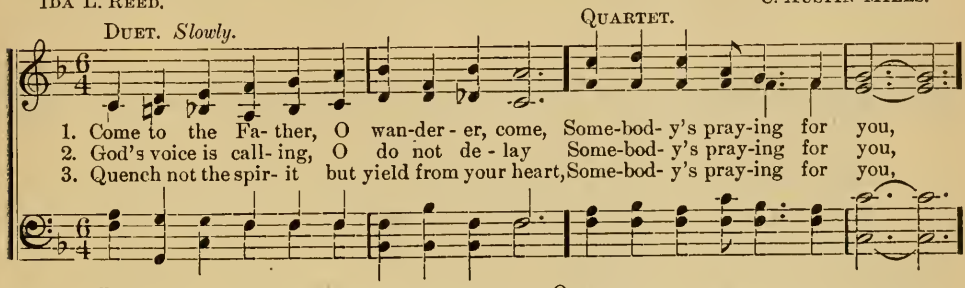
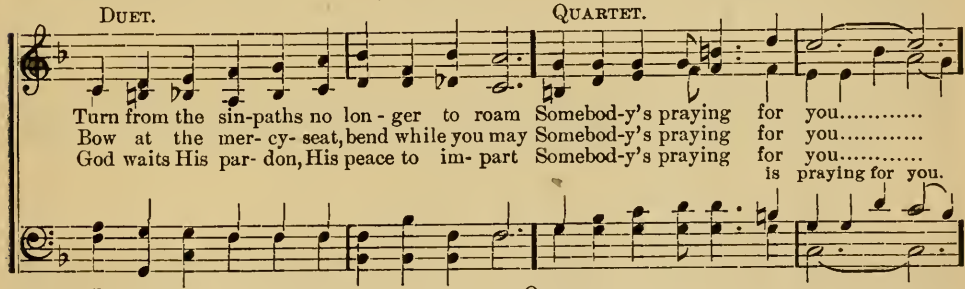
OH, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.—Concluded.

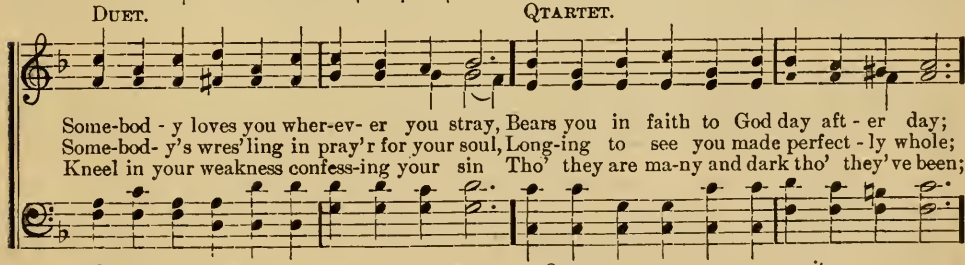


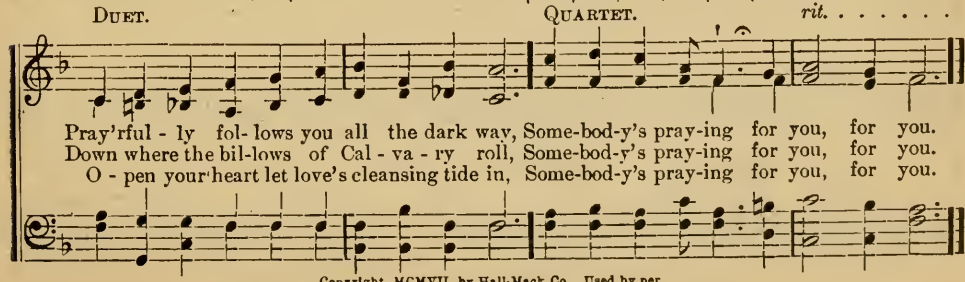
No. 57. SOMEBODY'S PRAYING FOR YOU.

IDA L. REED. C. AUSTIN MILES.









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No. 58. SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

E. E. Hewitt. H. L. Gilmour.

1. A - drift on the wa- ters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the bean- ti - ful
2. Oh, I was the sin - ner a - lone on the sea, But love's bless-ed sig- nals were
3. I stepp'd in the life- boat, pro- vid - ed for me, And Je - sus my Pi - lot, my
4. Life's tur - bu- lent sur- ges are kiss'd in - to peace, The bea - cons are shin-ing, and

cit - y of gold, A ves - el is sink- ing, for heav - y the gale, The
float - ing for me; Tho' thun - ders were roll - ing, and bil - lows at strife, Lo,
Cap - tain will be; His bo - som my ref - uge, my "hav - en of rest," I'm
songs nev- er cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, il - lum- ine the tide, While

rit. . . . . . CHORUS.

ca- ble is bro- ken, and tatter'd each sail.
Je- sus was call- ing, "es - cape for thy life."
rescued from shipwreck, so hap-py and blest.
onward to glo - ry we'll joy- ful - ly glide.
} Poor child of the wreck, see the

rit. . . . . .

life- boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Mas ter is here; He walks ev - 'ry

rit. . . . .

bil-low, con- trols ev- 'ry wave, 'Tis Je- sus, King Je-sus, "the mighty to save."

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No. 59. THE BETTER LAND.

GURDON ROBINS, arr. DANIEL B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis-ions of en-rap-tured thought,
2. A land up-on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With vary-ing hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross the calm, se-rene a-bode.

So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its ra-diant glo-ries fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long part-ed meet a-gain.
It hath no need of suns, to raise To dis-si-pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find With-in the par-a-dise of God.

CHORUS.

Oh, land of love,..... of joy and light,..... Thy glo-ries
Oh, land of love, of joy and light,

gild..... earth's dark-est night;... Thy tran-quil shore,...
Thy glo-ries gild earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore,

Slower. *rit.*

we, too, shall see,..... When day shall break..... and shad-ows flee.
we too, shall see, When day shall break

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No. 60. MEET ME THERE.

KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.

Moderato.

1. I'm think- ing of the man- sions not made with hands, Of the man-sions just be-
2. The song of faith and hope sing - ing in my soul Gives me joy that like a
3. The way we're called to go may not al - ways lead Where the flow - ers grow so

yond the sea; Where sor - row nev - er comes, and where tears nev - er fall,
riv - er flows, And the peace that pass - eth knowledge He gives to me,
fair and sweet; But the glo - rious day will come, if we fal - ter not,

And those man- sions are for you and me.
For the bur- dens of my heart He knows.
When our feet shall walk the gold - en street.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, meet me
Meet me there,

there, Where there is no night, meet me there, In the land where
meet me there, meet me there,

love wipes a - way all tears, Meet me there, meet me there.
Meet me there, meet me there.

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No. 61. THERE'S A HAND HELD OUT.

M. W. Morse. Jno. R. Sweney.

Solo or Unison.

1. There's a hand held out in pi- ty, There's a hand held out in love; It will
2. Oh, how gen- tly will it lead us! Oh, how tender is its touch! 'Tis the
3. Yes, 'tis love to me, a sin- ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low, Striving
4. Shall I, to this hand ex-ten- ded, Pay no heed as it in- vites? Shall my

pi - lot to the ci - ty, Where our Fa - ther dwells a - bove.
bless - ed hand of Je-sus; We all need it, oh, so much!
thus to be the win-ner, Ere I reap what I shall sow.
Sav - iour be of- fend- ed, Give I not to Him His rights?

Chorus.

There's a hand held out to you, There's a hand held out to me,
to you, to me,

There's a hand that will prove true, What- ev - er our lot shall be.
prove true,

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No. 62. DEAR TO THE HEART.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of His fold; Dear is the love that He gives them, Dearer than silver or gold. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep; O-ver the mountains He follows, O- ver the wa-ters so deep.
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of His fold; Some from the pastures are stray- ing, Hungry and helpless and cold. See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost; Bringing them in with re-joic- ing, Saved at such in-fi- nite cost.
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine;" Dear are the sheep that have wan- dered Out in the des-ert to pine. Hark! He is ear-nest-ly call - ing, Ten-der- ly pleading to - day; "Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"
4. Green are the pastures in-vit-ing, Sweet are the water and "still;" Lord, we will answer Thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will! Make us Thy true under-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep; Send us out in- to the des - ert, Seeking Thy wandering sheep.

Chorus.

poco rit.

Out in the des- ert they wan - der, Hun- gry and help-less and cold;.....

f *a tempo.*

Off to the res- cue He has - tens, Bringing them back to the fold.

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No. 63. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

Slow.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that
2. The cares of life come throng- ing fast, Up - on my soul their
3. Let shad- ows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or

f

pierce my feet, One thought re - mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou
shad - ow cast; Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou
dark with woe, I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou

CHORUS.

think - est, Lord, of me! Thou think - est, Lord, of
me, Thou think - est, Lord, of me, What
of me, of me,
need I fear since Thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me.

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No. 64. HARK! HARK, MY SOUL.

F. W. Faber. Henry Smart.

mf

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even-ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meekly steal - ing,

p

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shep- herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus,

cres. *f* *p*

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

No. 65. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. Smith. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. Henry Carey.

1. My coun- try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our Father's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

cres.

father's died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro- tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 66. JESUS LEADS.

J. R. S. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. Like a shep - herd, ten - der true, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads,.....
2. All a - long life's rugg - ed road Je - sus leads, ... Je - sus leads.....
Je- sus leads, Je - sus leads,

Dai - ly finds us past - ures new, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....
Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....
Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid dan- ger feeds,
All the way, be - fore, He's trod, And He now the flock pre - cedes,
1. If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

rit.

He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.
Safe in - to the fold of God Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.
Je - sus leads,

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No. 67. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

EDWARD PERRONET. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus's name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm- wood and the gall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, the roy - al di - a -
Go, spread your tro- phies at His feet, your tro- phies at His
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, all maj - es - ty as -
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, the ev - er - last - ing

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, the roy - al
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, your tro - phies
To Him all maj - es - ty as-scribe, all maj - es -
We'll join the ev - er - last- ing song, the ev - er -

dem, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
feet, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
scribe, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
song, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

di - a - dem, crown Him Lord of all.
at His feet, crown Him Lord of all.
ty as - cribe, crown Him Lord of all.
last - ing song, crown Him Lord of all.

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No. 68. LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Tenderly.

1. 'Tis the Sav - iour who would claim En- trance to your heart; Will you
2. No one like the Sav - iour knocks At the sin - ners door; 'Tis no
3. Oh, how can you bid Him wait 'Till an - oth - er day? When al -

Send your Lord a - way? Will you say, "De - part?" He will all your tri - als share;
stran- ger that implores, He has knocked be - fore, He has of - ten sought your heart,
read - y Je - sus weeps At the long de - lay; 'Twas for you that Je - sus died,

CHORUS.

He will cleanse you from all sin.
Shall He cleanse it now from sin? } 'Tis your Sav - iour, 'tis your
And 'tis you He longs to win.

pp

Sav - iour stand - ing there, Haste and let Him in, let Him
let Him in,

pp *rit.*

in, Lest He turn a - way, let Him in, let Him in.
let Him in,

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No. 69. DOING HIS WILL.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His Word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way dark-est seems, when are blight-ed my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for

His ev- 'ry day; Just to walk by His side, with His Spir - it to guide, Just to
Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still, Just to
my dear-est friend; Count-ing all loss but gain, such a friend to ob-tain, True and

Chorus.

fol - low where He leads the way.
lean on His bo - som and rest.
faith - ful He'll be to the end.

Just to say what He wants me to say, And be still when He whispers to me; Just to
what He wants me to say, when He whis-pers to me;

pp *Slow.*

go where He wants me to go..... Just to be what He wants me to be.
where He wants me to go,

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No. 70. IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My sin— not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul.
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so,"— it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well with my soul,

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No. 71. STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey, Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a- lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic- t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this His glo-rious day; "Ye that are men now serve Him" A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each
bat - tle, The next, the vic- tor's song: To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A

rit.

ar- my shall He lead, Till ev -'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with prayer; Where du- ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter- nal - ly.

rit.

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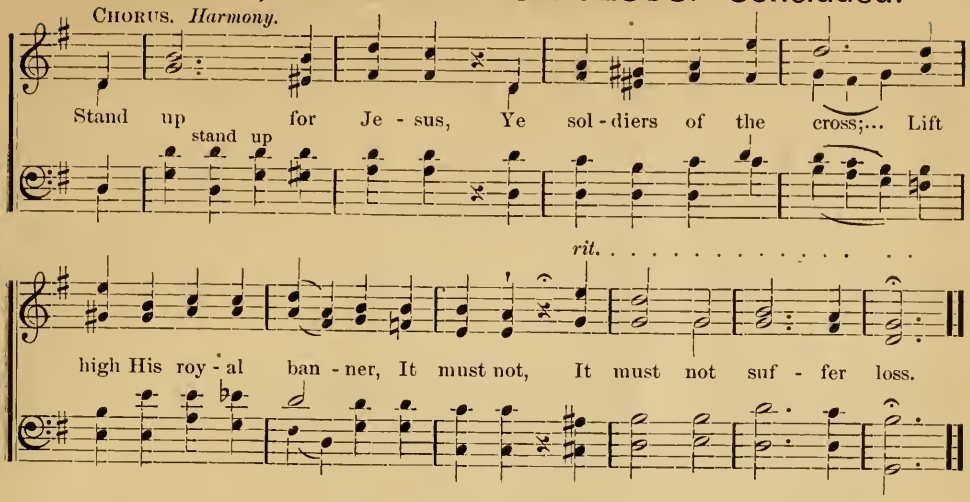
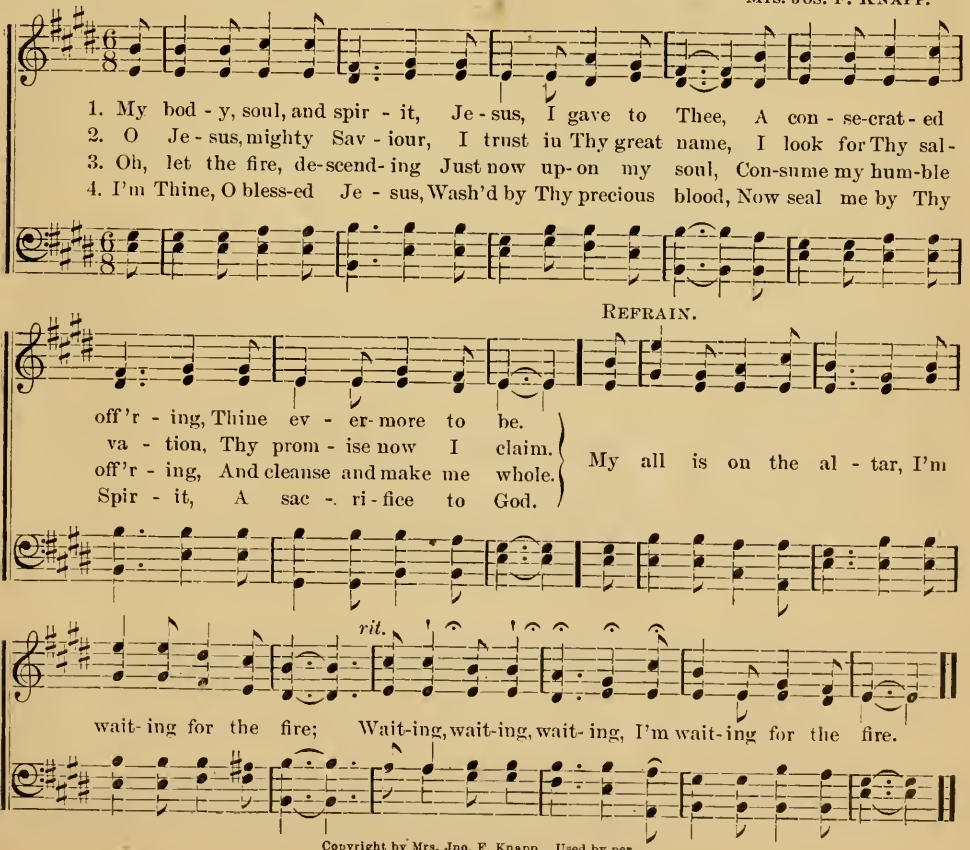
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Concluded.



No. 72. CONSECRATION.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



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No. 73.

NAILED TO THE CROSS.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.

Duet. *Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead That a
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He
3. I will cling to my Sav- iour and nev - er de- part— I will

soul, so un- worth - y, might live, And the path to the cross He was
cleans - es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con - dem- na - tion"—I
joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

Refrain.

will- ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.
know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross.
song in my heart, That my sins have been ta - ken a - way.
They are nailed to the cross,

pp

they are nailed to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what

rit.

an - guish and loss, Je - sus went to the cross! And He car - ried my sins with Him there.

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No. 74. JESUS EVER NIGH.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. Spanish Melody. Arr.

1. Still with my Sav - iour when the sun sinks in the west, Still in the gloam - ing, Lean - ing on His breast; And un - til the morn - ing breaks e - ter - nal in the sky, Shall my pre - cious Sav - iour still be ev - er nigh.

2. On - ly in Je - sus has my soul su- preme de light, Je - sus who robes me in His gar - ments white; So, un - til the day dawn I shall rest be - neath His wing, Then shall dwell for - ev - er with my God and King.

3. Dawn, hap - py morn - ing, day of glad - ness and of rest, Bright day of crown - ing, last of all and best; Rise, thou Sun of beau - ty, O re- veal Thy glo - ry now, Ev - 'ry tongue shall bless Thee ev - 'ry knee shall bow.

Slower. CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, stay for - ev - er near my side; Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Safe in Thee I hide.

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No. 75. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rug - ged road!
2. Ah, this is what I'm want - ing, His love - ly face to see;
3. I can - not live with - out Him, Nor would I if I could;

How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint be - neath my load;
And I'm not a - fraid to say it, I know He's want - ing me.
He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.

When my heart is crushed with sor - row, And my eyes with tears are dim,
He gave His life a ran - sôm, To make me all His own,
He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with Him com - pare;

rit.

There is naught can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.
And He'll ne'er for - get His prom - ise To me, His pur-chased one.
Chief - est a - mong ten thou - sand, And fair - est of the fair.

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No. 76. I REMEMBER CALVARY.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. M. BLACK.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de - light in His com - mand, Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. On - ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap - py with Christ, my Sav - iour near,

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I REMEMBER CALVARY.—Concluded.

And I re - mem - ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal - va - ry.
Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je - sus my Friend of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way,

He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry.

No. 77. ABIDE WITH ME.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 78. BROTHER, WILL YOU GO?

WM. WOODWARD. MRS. W. V. BAKER.

Slow.

1. A - way be-yond the stars which the mid- night sky un - folds, There are
2. There-are cit- ies rich in grand - eur in - vit - ing you to come, And
3. There leap the lame for joy, there the blind re- ceive their sight; There

scenes of rar - est beau - ty, and pal - a - ces of gold; And o'er that love - ly
who can tell the wealth of a heav'n-ly cit - y home? Its rn - ral scenes, its
ears long closed to sound will be rav- ished with de - light; There tongues that never

pro-spect there falls no win - ter's snow, There warblers sing in end- less spring, O
mansions, its crys- tal streams that flow, All, all are free for you and me, O
ut-tered a sen- tence here be - low, Burst in - to song thro' a - ges long, O

rall.

brother, will you go? There warblers sing in end-less spring, O brother, will you go?
brother, will you go? All, all are free for you and me, O brother, will you go?
brother, will you go? Burst in - to song thro' a - ges long, O brother, will you go?

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No. 79. THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. List - en to the "still, small voice," Soft as moon beams fall - ing,
2. Call - ing thee from self and sin, And false, world - ly pleas - ures,
3. Call - ing thee to no - bler aims, And a true en - deav - or,

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THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.—Concluded.

'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it speaks, Gen - tly, gen - tly call - ing.
To the life that's "hid with Christ," To e - ter - nal treas - ures.
To a bless - ed fel - low - ship With Thy Lord for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

rit.

Hark! from heav - en fall - ing, To thy soul now call - ing,

rit. *rit.*

'Tis a voice of mer - cy Calls in love to thee. (To thee.)

No. 80. I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine ou - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

D. C. for Chorus.

If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.

And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 81. NEARER TO THEE.

MARTHA J. LANKTON, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When doubt and conflict weigh me down, and clouds be - fore me rise,
2. When joys that once I thought so true, Have lost each balm - y sweet,
3. While day by day, I journey on, To.....reach that world sub - lime.

Whose gath'ring gloom and deep'ning shade, With sor - row fills mine eyes,
And withered hopes, like summer flowers, Lie crushed be - neath my feet,
That stands in perfect loveliness, Be - - yond the shore of time;

'Tis then I lift my fainting soul, In.....prayer that I may be
With quivering lip and yearning heart, I pray on bend - ed knee,
My faith looks up and softly breathes, The prayer so dear to me,

Lento. *rit.* . . . . . .

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

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No. 82. KEEP THY FAITH STEADY.

MATHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Keep Thy faith steady, my broth - er, Shed-ding its beau - ti - ful ray,
2. Keep Thy faith steady, my broth - er, Firm as a rock let it be;
3. Keep Thy faith steady, my broth - er, Look-ing to Je - sus a - lone;

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Clear as the brow of the morn - ing, Bright as the eye of the day.
Pray, and be-lieve when thou pray - est, Love hath an an-swer for thee.
Then will the bless-ing thou seek - est Drop like the dew from His throne.

CHORUS.

Tran - - quil - ly shin - ing, nev - - er de - clin - ing,
Tran - quil - ly, tran - quil - ly shin - ing, nev . er, no, nev - er de - clin - ing,

rit.

keep..... thy faith stead - y, and wait, oh, wait on the Lord.
Keep thy faith steady, keep thy faith steady,

No. 83. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan- der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me,

D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. *D.S.*

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God. to Thee.
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee.
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee.

Near - er to Thee.

No. 84. OH, TO BE LIKE HIM.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Jno. R. Sweney.

Duet.

1. Oh, to be like Him, Ten - der and kind, Gen - tle in spir-it,
2. Oh, to be like Him, Quick to o - bey, Child - like and truthful,
3. Oh, to be like Him, Tempt- ed in vain, Dwell - ing with sin-ners,

Low - ly in mind; More like to Je - sus, Day af - ter day,
Read - y to say, "I and my Fa - ther Pur - pose have one,
Yet with - out stain; Giv - ing our life - work Sin - ners to save,

rit. . . . . . Chorus.

Filled with His Spir-it, Now and al - way.
Thine, not my will, Ev - er be done."
Tri- umph - ing o - ver Death and the grave

Yes, to be like Him,

We must a - bide Near to Our Sav - iour, Close to His side.

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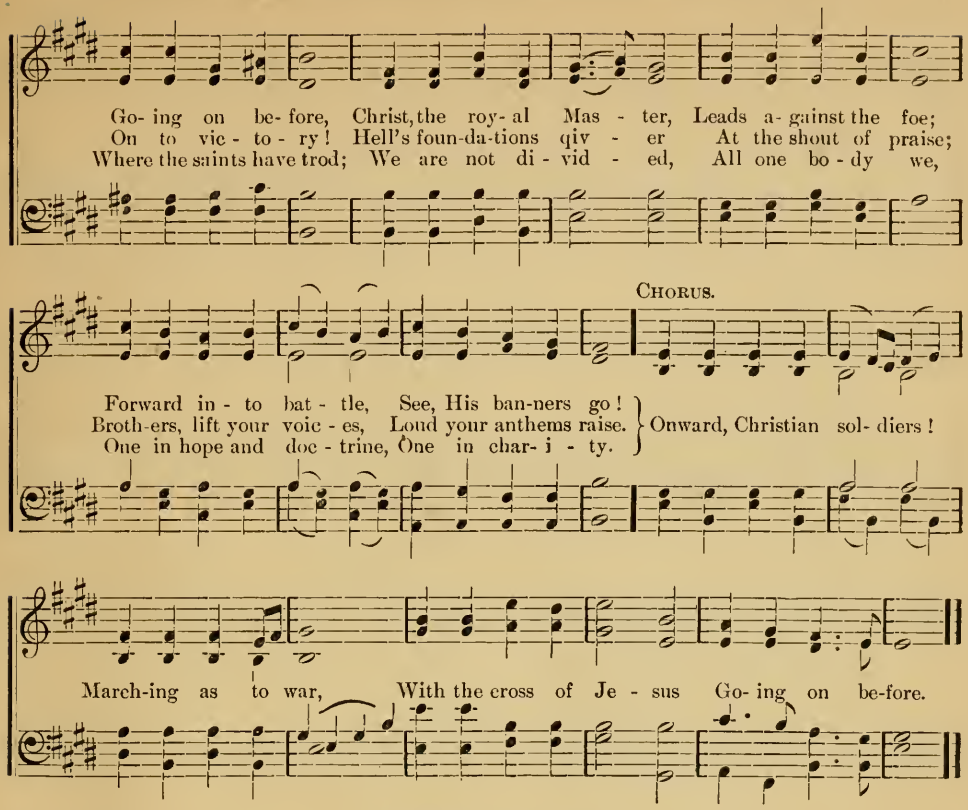
No. 85. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Sabine Baring-Gould. (Tune—ONWARD.) Sir Arthur Sullivan.

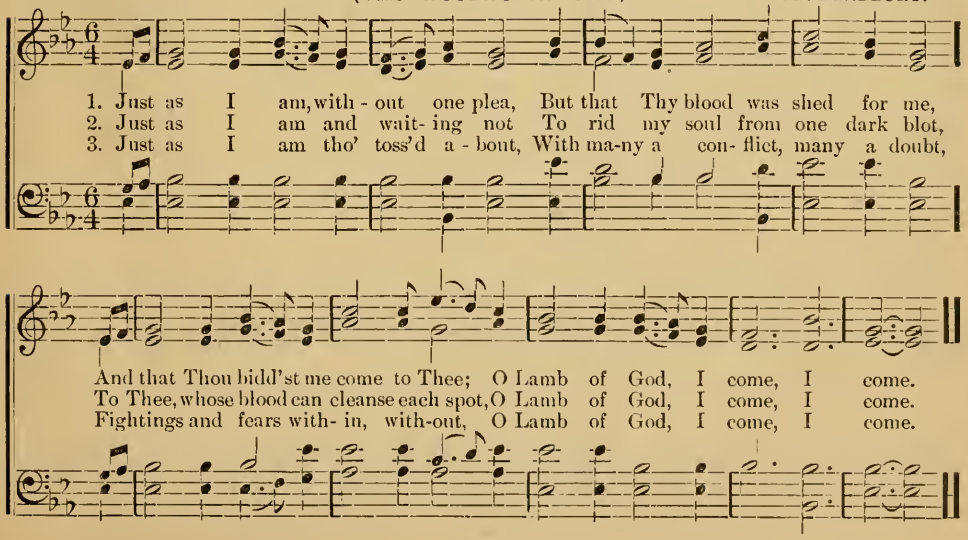
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.—Concluded.



No. 86. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (Tune—WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 87. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow:
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, And re - mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET. *rit.*

Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com - pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un - to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
He'll for - give your trans - gres - sions, He'll for - give your trans - gres - sions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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No. 88. HIDE MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Source of life's e - ter - nal spring, Un - to Thee my all I bring;
2. Source of life's e - ter - nal spring, Thou whose name 'tis joy to sing;

CHO.—Where tempta - tion can - not harm me, Nor the tem-ter's pow'r a - larm me;

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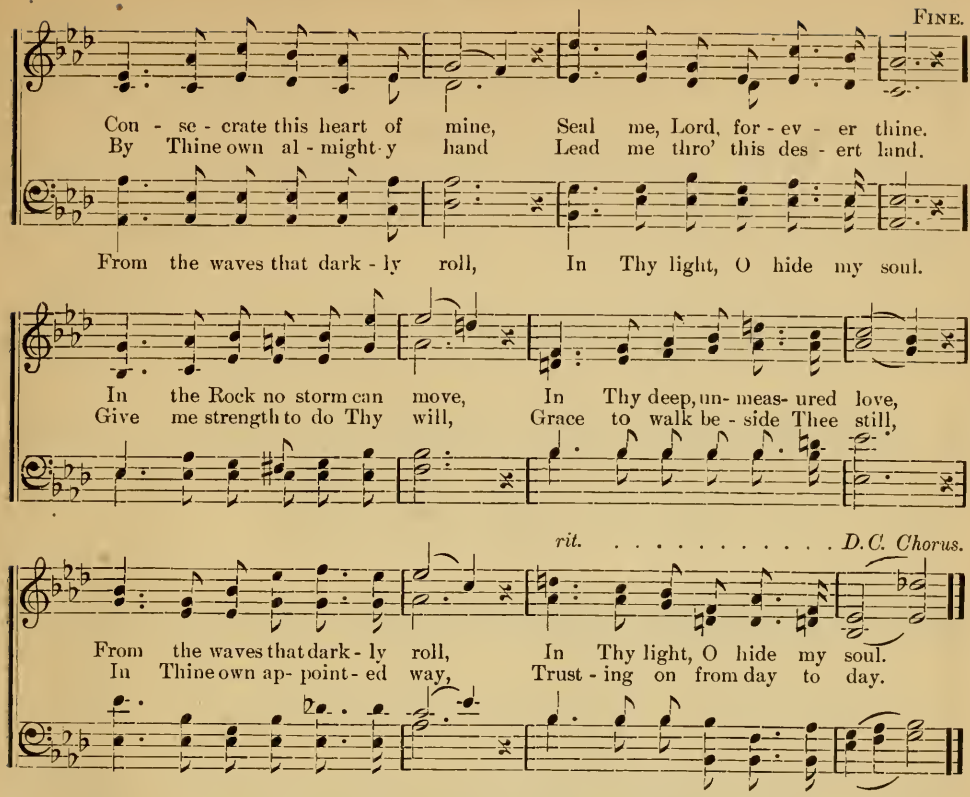
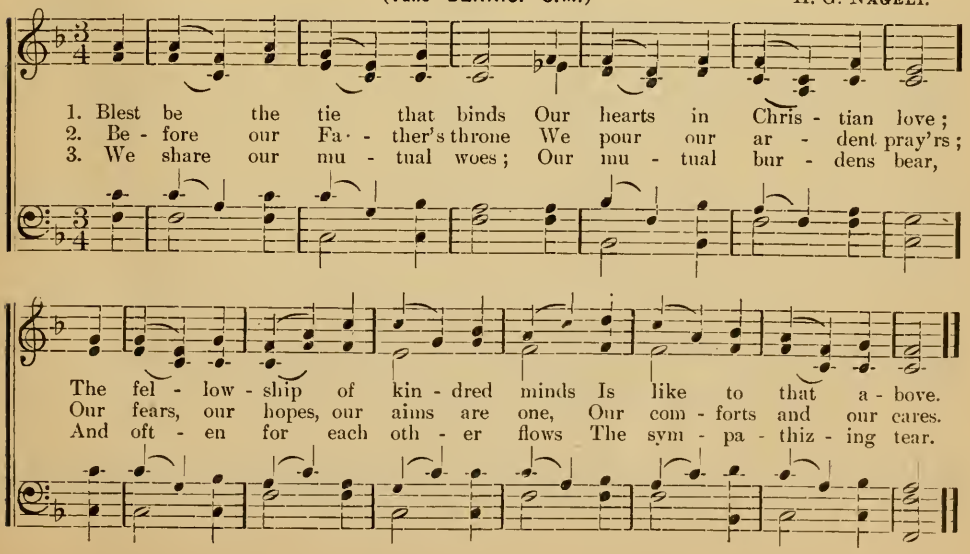
HIDE MY SOUL.—Concluded.



No. 89. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

JOHN FAWCETT. (Tune—DENNIS. S.M.) H. G. NAGELI.



No. 90. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-member not past years!
an - gle fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

No. 91. ONLY A LITTLE WORD.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On - ly a lit- tle word, soft - ly and kind - ly Breathed in the ear of the
2. On - ly a lit- tle word, care- ful - ly spok - en, Borne to the lost on the
3. On - ly a lit- tle word, spok- en for Je - sus, Tell- ing His pit - y, com -

sad and op- pressed; Oh, how it ten- der - ly steals like a mel - o - dy
des - ert that roam, Breaks like the morn-ing light, chas- ing the drear - y night,
pas - sion and love, Out of the path of sin thou-sands may gath- er in,

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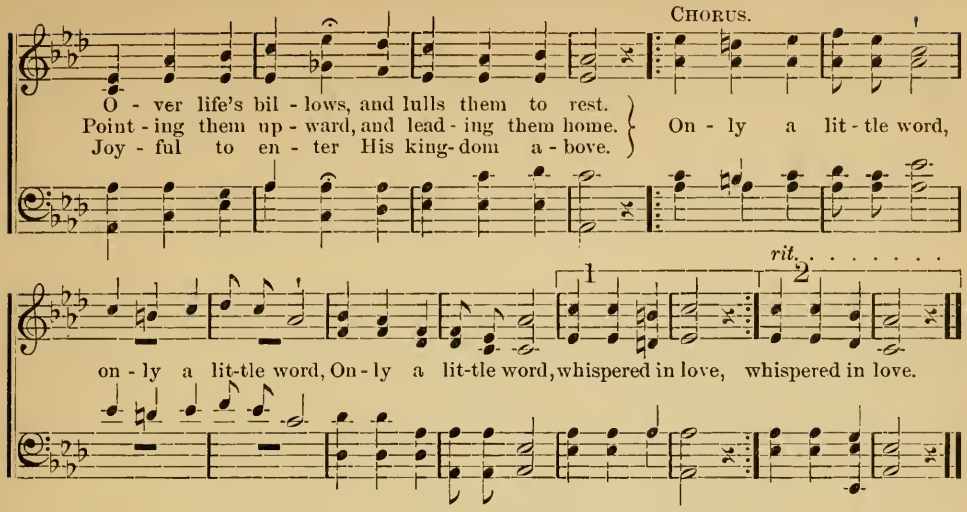
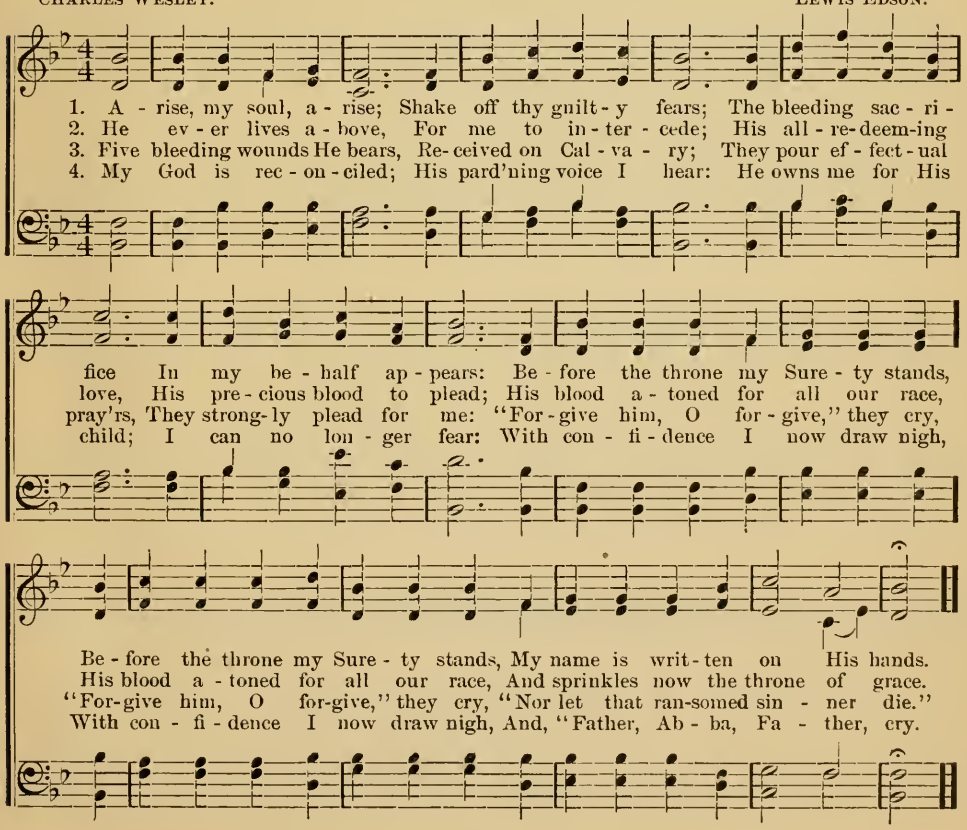
ONLY A LITTLE WORD.—Concluded.



No. 92. ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



No. 93. BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

Matthew v: 8. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Bless-ed are the pure in heart, Bless-ed are the pure in heart,

Bless-ed are the pure in heart; for they..... shall see God.....
they shall see God for they shall see God.
shall see God.....

Bless-ed are the pure in heart, Bless-ed are the pure in heart,

Bless-ed are the pure in heart: For they..... shall see God.
they shall see God,

Bless - - ed, bless - ed are the pure in heart:.....
Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are the pure, the pure in heart:

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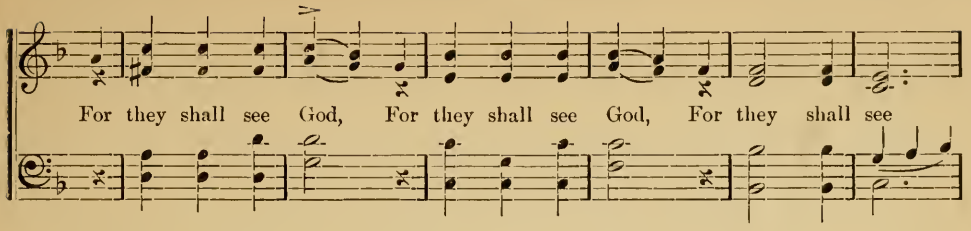
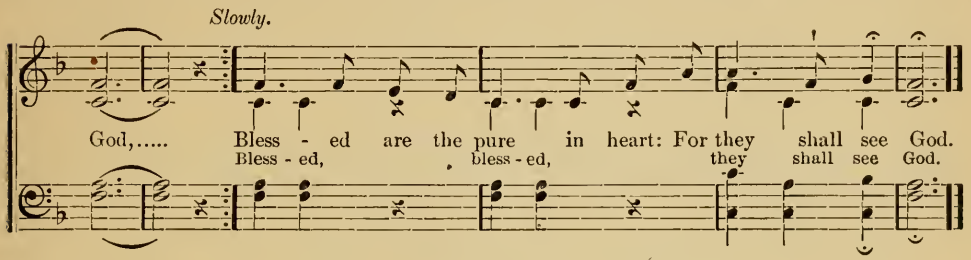
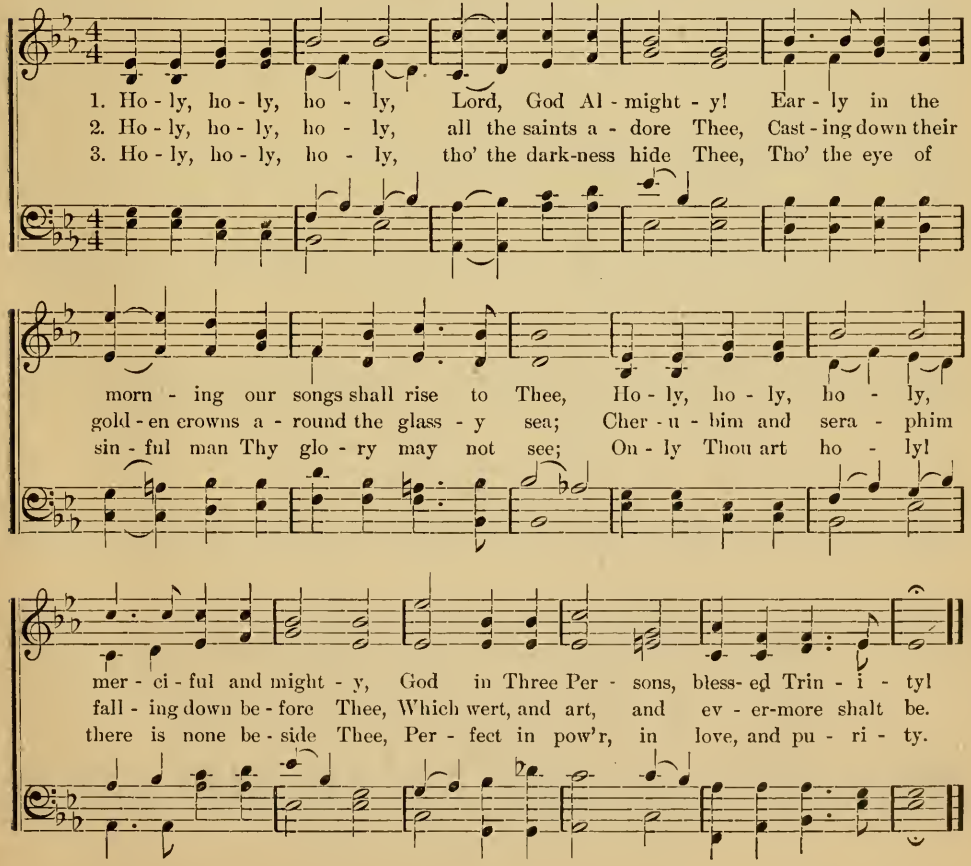




No. 94. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

Dr. Heber. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



No. 95. THE NEW SONG.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a bird... in spring;
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din.....of strife;
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra- cious Mas-ter hath made...me glad?
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jas - per wall When I come to the gloom of the e - ven-fall,

But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I sing the psalm they are singing there.
When He points where the ma- ny man-sions be, And sweet- ly says, 'There is one for thee'?
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim, Have a path of light that will lead to Him.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

O, the new, new song! O, the new, new song, I can
O, the new, new song! O, the new, new song,

ff

sing it now With the ran - som'd throng: Pow- er and do -
I can sing just now With the ransom'd, the ransom'd throng:

ff

min - ion to Him that shall reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
that shall reign;

From "Gems of Praise." Used by per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

No. 96.

FOR EVERMORE.

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

Andante tranquillo.

pp *p*

1. Tho' here we list no more The tones we loved so well, Our precious ones for ev - er-more With the Re-deem - er dwell. There hearts no sor - row know, And tears are wiped a - way, Where leaves of heal - ing sweet- ly blow Thro' nev - er-end-ing day; Thro' nev - er - end-ing day.

2. O cit - y calm and fair, O ha - ven ev - er blest, By Je-sus' grace we, too, shall share Thy glo - ry and thy rest. Safe, safe up - on the shore, By saints tri-umph-ant trod, With those we love for ev - er-more, We'll praise the Lord our God; We'll praise the Lord our God.

molto cres. *espress.* *rit. ten.* *f* *mp* *con molto espress.* *poco rit.* *cres.* *ff* *rit.*

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No. 97. "THY WILL, O LORD, BE DONE."

Sir John Bowring. ("CHANT.") Arr. by Chas. M. Hattersley.

1. Thy will be done! In devious way The hurrying stream of life may run;
2. Thy will be done! If o'er us shine A gladdening and a pros - perous sun;

rit.

Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, Thy will, O Lord, be done!
This prayer will make it more di - vine Thy will, O Lord, be done!

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No. 98. BELLS OF EASTER.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Sun-shine has scat-tered the gloom, A - wake! A - wake!
2. Hearts that were heav - y re - joice, A - wake! A - wake!
3. Glad-ness is fill - ing the world, A - wake! A - wake!

rit.

Lil - ies are breathing per - fume, While shad-ows the skies now for - sake.
List to each ju - bi-lant voice, For dawn in its glo - ry doth break!
Ban-ners of hope are un - furled, Let all in the rap-ture par - take.

* Chorus. *a tempo.*

{ Bells of Eas - ter are ring - ing, Sweet - ly ring - ing; Dawn in beau-ty is
{ List, the ech - oes are steal - ing, Soft - ly steal - ing;.....

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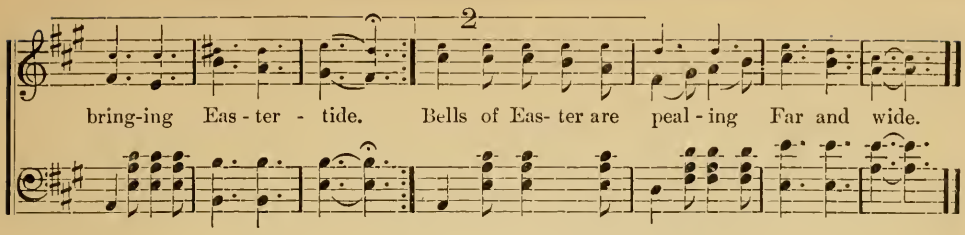
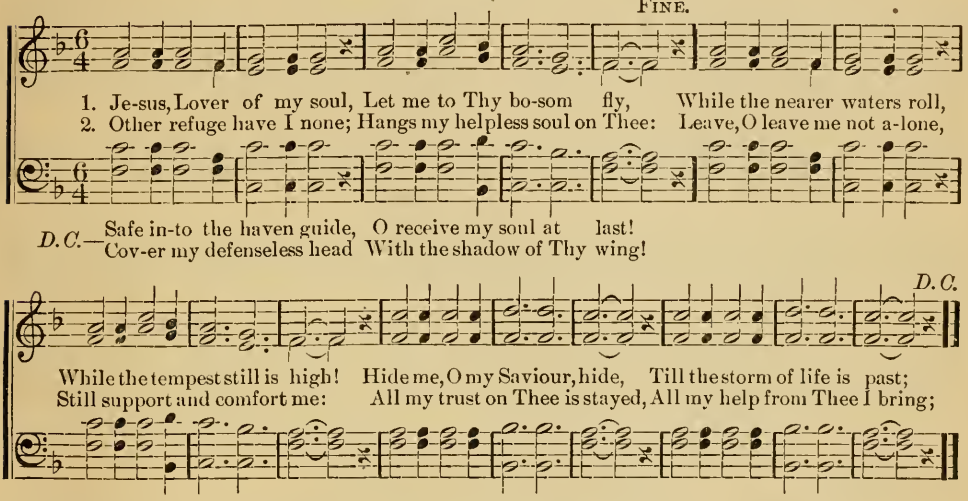
* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

Note.—Can be used for Easter.



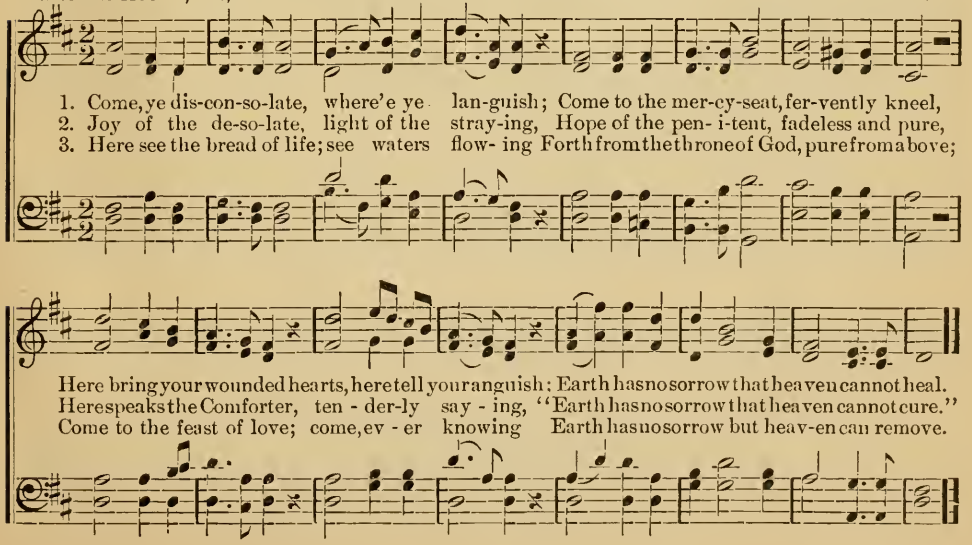
No. 99. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(Tune—MARTYN.) SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



No. 100. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

THOMAS MOORE, alt., and THOS. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.



No. 101. REMEMBER ME.

JOANNA KINKEL.

1. When storms a-round are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag-ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e-vil fall-ing, 'Mid temp-ters' voic-es call-ing,
When from its dan-gers shrinking, When in its dread deep sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

p CHORUS. *ff* *pp* *ff* *pp*

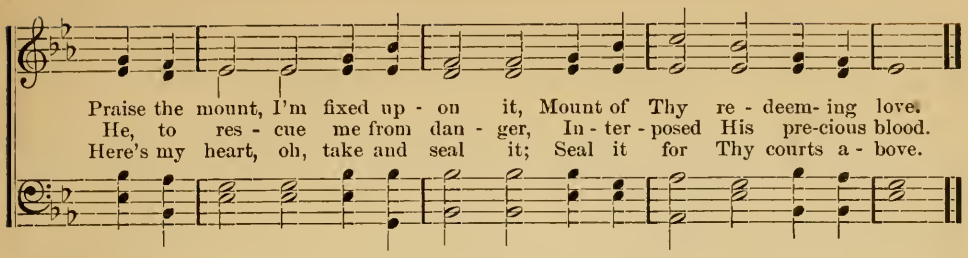
Re-mem-ber me, Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re-mem-ber me!

No. 102. COME, THOU FOUNT.

REV. E. ROBINSON.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing; Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing; Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
2. { Here I'll raise mine Eb-e-ne-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home; }
3. { Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
   Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee; }

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



No. 103. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen- tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a- bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
To the land of endless day; Where all tears are wiped away.

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a- bide.

CHORUS.

f

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;.....
lest I stray;

rit. . . . . . .

Gen - tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

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No. 104. A SONG THE WORLD IS SINGING.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a song of wondrous beau-ty, Like a peal from an-gel choirs, For it sounds o'er care and
2. There's a song, sweet music peal-ing, 'Tis an ech - o from on high, Un-to all the earth re-
3. Nigh-er still and high-er swelling, Circling all the list'ning earth, While its harmonies are

FEMALE.

du - ty, And ful-fils the heart's de-sires. O the ca-dence sweet as-cend-ing, Joins the
veal - ing Blessings from be- yond the sky. There is beau - ty in the sing-ing, There is
tell - ing Of the might-y Saviour's birth! 'Tis a song like fountains flowing From a

rit.

har - mo-ny of heav'n, And a car - ol nev - er end - ing To mor-tal tongues is giv'n;
joy beyond com-pare, For it comes sal-va - tion bring-ing, To mankind ev - 'ry-where;
nev - er fail-ing stream; Ev - er onward, ev - er grow-ing, Mankind it shall re - deem;

ALL. CHORUS.

And the world takes up the strain: O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri -

FEMALE.

umph- ant; O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le-hem, Come and be - hold Him

NOTE.—Can be used for Christmas.

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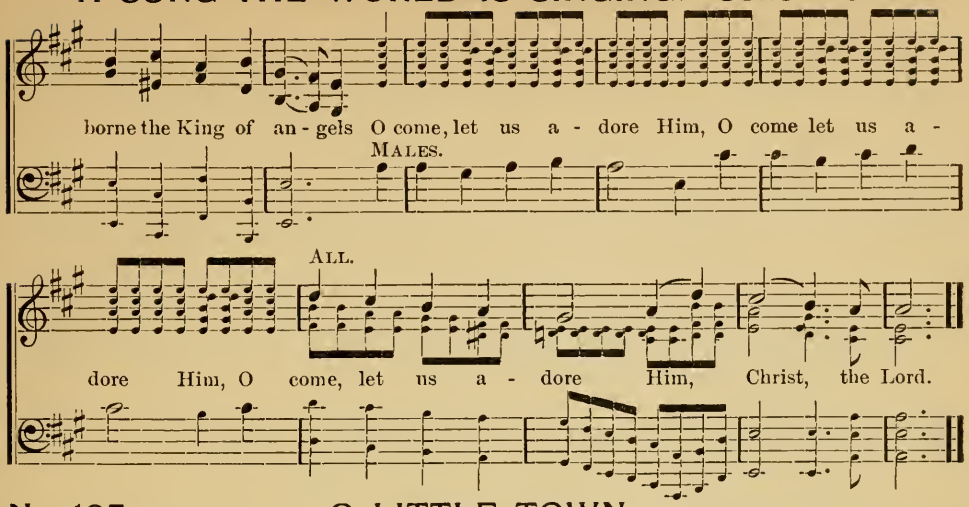
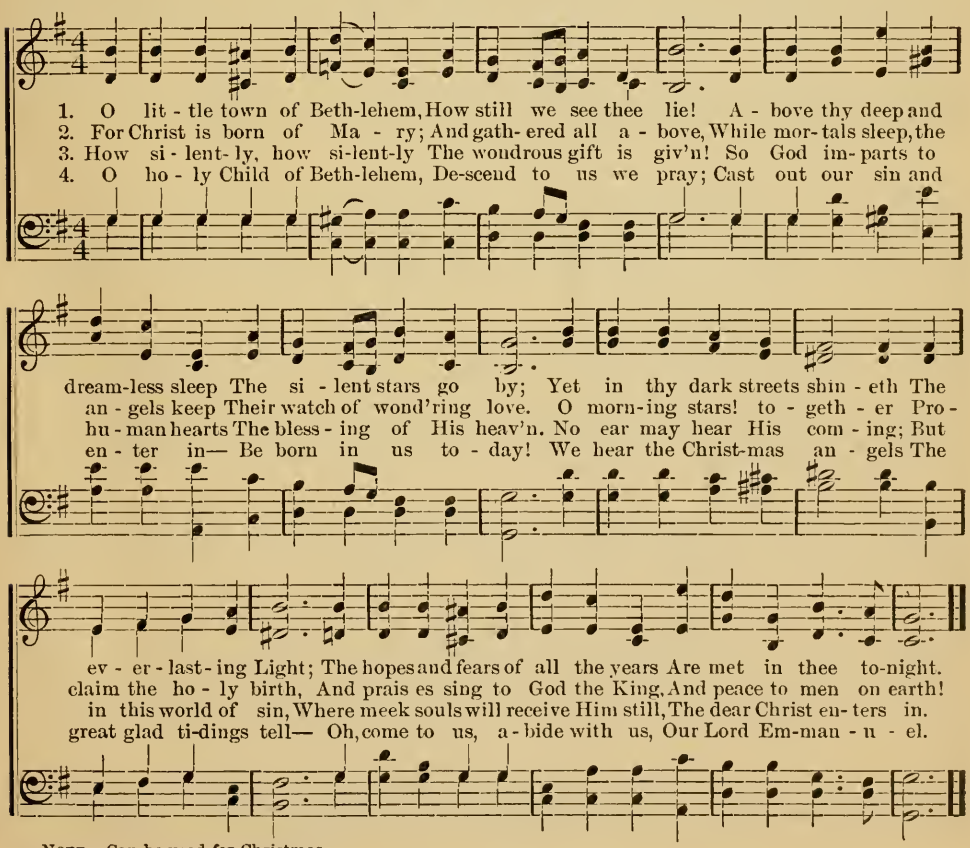
A SONG THE WORLD IS SINGING.—Concluded.



No. 105. O LITTLE TOWN.

PHILIPS BROOKS. LEWIS H. REDNER.

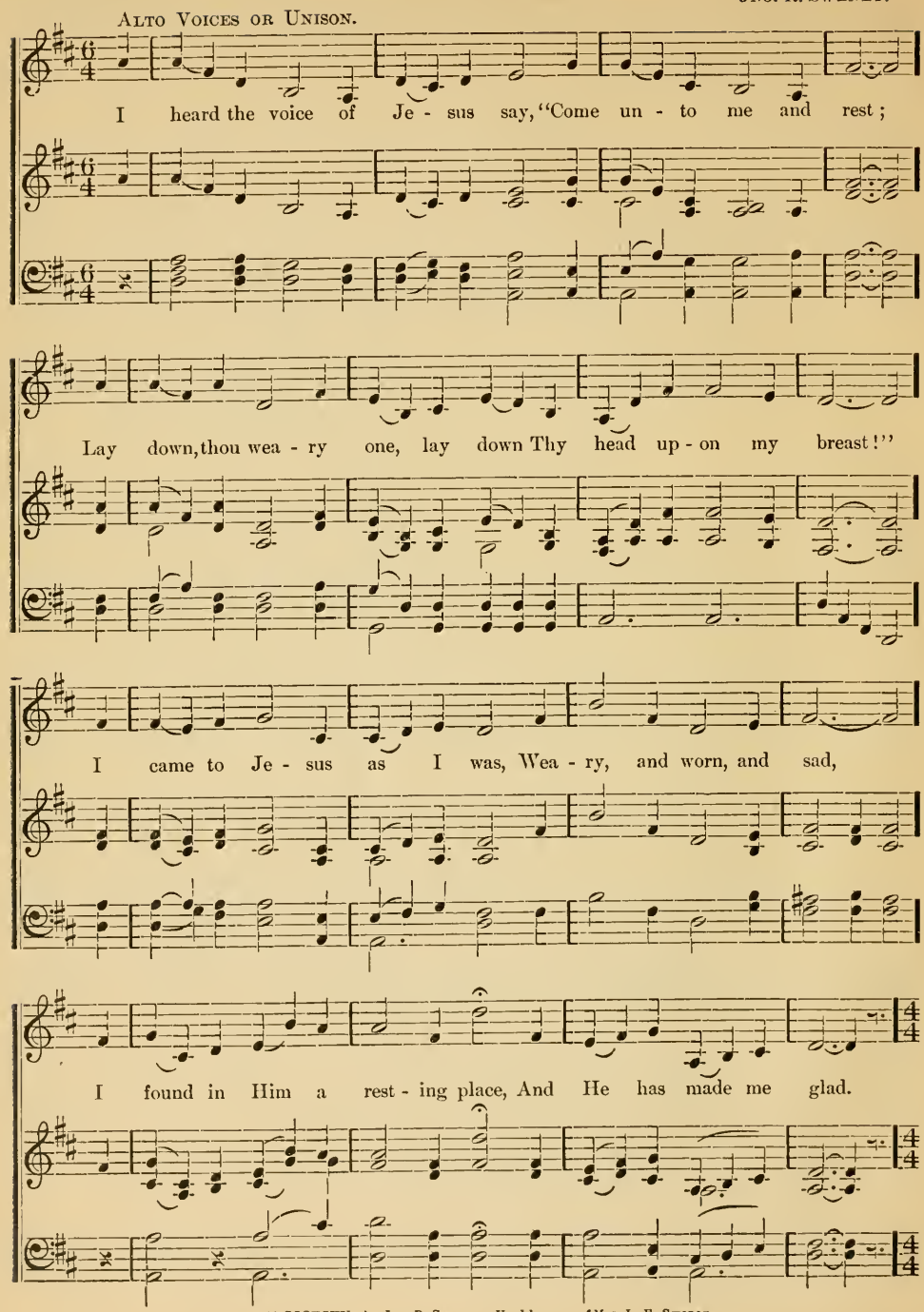


NOTE.—Can be used for Christmas.

No. 106.

I HEARD THE VOICE.

Jno. R. Sweney.



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CHORUS.

I heard the voice of Je - sus say,
I heard the voice..... of Je - sus say,..... "Be - hold, be -

"Behold, behold, I free- ly give The liv - ing wa - ter;
hold,..... I free - ly give..... the liv- ing wa - - ter; thirsty

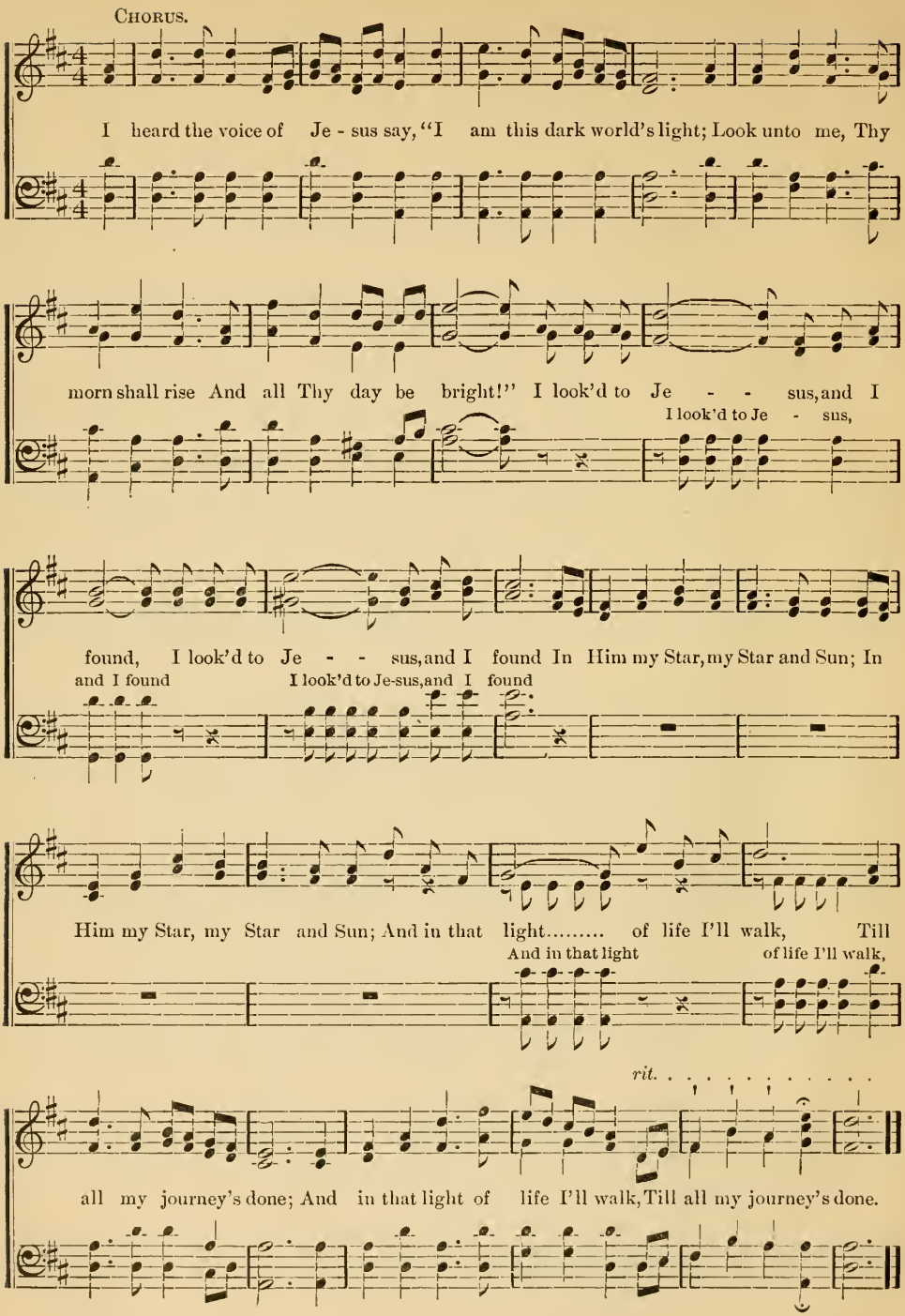
thirst - y one, Stoop down, stoop down, and drink, and live!"
one,..... Stoop down, stoop down,..... and drink, and live!"....

DUET.

I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;

My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.

I HEARD THE VOICE.—Concluded.



No. 109. "MIZPAH."

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Let us ask the pre- cious Sav - iour To go with us while we part,
2. Know we not what chang- es wait us, But we know our might- y Guide,
3. In His ten - der hands en - trust - ing Ev - 'ry link in love's bright chain;
4. Meet a - gain, no more to sev - er, In the "beau-ti - ful be - yond,"

For His pres-ence in life's jour - ney Peace and com- fort will im - part.
Safe are we in His dear keep - ing, Hap - py, when He walks be - side.
'Tis a bless - ed hope that whis - pers, Sure - ly we shall meet a - gain,
Where the love of our Re - deem - er Is the strongest, sweet - est bond.

Chorus.

Long our hallowed pray'r will lin - ger, Ming - ling with sweet mel - o - dy;

poco rit. *rit.*

Be our wish at parting, "Mizpah," May the Lord keep watch o - ver you and me.

Note.—Closing Hymn.

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No. 110. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Thomas Ken. Guillaume Franc.

Praise God from whom all bless- ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

Armstrong-Keyser, Phila., Pa.

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